



Birrell. Sculp.



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The
COURT JESTER
or

Museum of Entertainment



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THE
MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT;
OR,
MAGAZINE OF WIT,

WHEN the celebrated Beau Nash was ill, Doctor Cheyne wrote a prescription for him. The next day the Doctor went to see his patient, and enquired if he had followed his prescription? "No, faith, Doctor, (said Nash,) if I had I should have broke my neck, for I threw it out of a two pair of stairs window."

On a certain lady's meeting a gentleman whom she had not seen for some time, asked him if he was married? "No, Madam," replied he. "How extremely well and fresh you look," cried the lady, "surely you make use of viper broth?" "On the contrary, Madam, (said the gentleman,) the cause I look so well is, that I am not married, and consequently have nothing to do with Vipers."

Doctor Johnson, of whose abilities I was a great admirer, came into my library one day, as I was enjoying the company of my wife and little ones in an adjoining apartment; my librarian informed me of it. I immediately went and paid my respects to the doctor, and asked him, "Why he did not continue to write? as I had not seen any thing from his pen lately." He bowed, and said he thought he had written enough. I replied with a smile, "So should I too, doctor, if you had not written so well." The doctor seemed quite elated with my compliment.

B

A child

A child of six years of age, being introduced into company for his extraordinary abilities, was asked, by an eminent dignified clergyman, "Where God was?" with the profered reward of an orange. "Tell me, (replied the boy,) where he is not? and I will give you two!"

When the distinguished duelist G. R. Fitzgerald was in Paris, the English ambassador introduced him to the French King; prior to which introduction the ambassador informed his majesty, Mr. Fitzgerald was a gentleman of such amazing prowess, that he fought thirty duels, and behaved equally brave and honourable in them all. "Then, I think, (says the King with a smile,) this gentleman's life would make an admirable appendix to your renowned countryman's history, Jack the Giant Killer."

Poor Joe Miller going one day along the Strand, an impudent Derby captain came swaggering up to him, and thurst between him and the wall. "I don't chuse to give the wall, said he, *to every jackanapes.*" "But I do," said Joe; and so made way for him.

A certain cynic, seeing some magistrates leading to the place of execution a fellow for some petty theft, exclaimed, "Here are great thieves, that lead a little one o the gallows."

A gentleman ordered his servant to call him at six o'clock in the morning; but he waked him at four, and when his master asked him the reason of it, he answered, "That he came to tell him, that he had still two hours to sleep."

A countryman being in London, a friend of his, undertook to conduct him to every place that was remarkable, and worthy of observation. One day he tells him, that

that he would shew him Bedlam; it was accordingly agreed upon; but, instead of that, he carries him to the door of the House of Commons, telling him, that was the entrance into Bedlam. It happened just then, that the house was breaking up; and the door being presently opened, the countryman, to his great astonishment, several of the members hastening towards it; upon that he immediately takes to his heels, and runs, as it were, for his life: when being stopped by some persons, who wondered at his running so fast, "Oh! (cries he,) for the Lord's sake don't stop me; yonder's Bedlam open, and all the madmen are loose and coming out."

A domestic once entering in a fright, the study of his master, who was in deep thought and contemplation, exclaimed, "Sir the house is on fire." "Well (said he) inform my wife of it: I do not interfere in the household affairs."

The famous Weston, of facetious memory, having borrowed the sum of five pounds, and failing in payment, the gentleman who had lent the money, took occasion indiscreetly to talk of it in the public coffee-house, which obliged Weston to take notice of it; so that it came to a challenge. Being got into the field, the gentleman a little tender in the point of courage, offered him the note to make it up, to which our hero readily consented, and had the note delivered. But now, said the gentleman, if we should return without fighting, our companions will laugh at us; therefore let us give one another a slight scratch, and say we wounded one another. With all my heart, says Weston, come, I'll wound you first; so drawing his sword, he whipt it through the fleshy part of his antagonist's arm, till he brought the tears in his eyes. This done and the wound tied up with a handkerchief; Come, said the gentleman, Where shall I wound you?—Weston putting himself in a posture of defence,

"Where you can, by G—d, Sir." "Well, well, says the other, I can swear I received this wound of you;" and so marched off contentedly.

A clown in Berkshire employed to draw timber from a wood, met with an oak trunk of so large a size, that the tackle he made use of to place it on the carriage broke twice on the trial. Hodge flung his hat on the ground, and, scratching his head with much vexation, exclaimed, "D—n the hogs that didn't eat thee when thee was an acorn, and then I shou'dn't have had this trouble with thee."

A negro in the Island of St. Christopher had so cruel a master, that he dreaded the sight of him. After exercising much tyranny among his slaves, the planter died, and left his son heir to his estates. Some short time after his death, a gentleman meeting the negro, asked him how his young master behaved — "I suppose, (says he,) he's a chip of the old block?" "No, no, (says the negro,) Massa be all block himself."

Christopher Smart, the ingenious author of an incomparable poem on the Attributes of the Supreme Being, and other excellent pieces, composed in one of his solitary walks a few of the prettiest lines I have for some time met with. I believe the contemplative mind will read them with much pleasure :

"A raven once an acorn took
From Bafan's tallest frontest tree,
He hid it by a limpid brook,
And liv'd another oak to see.

Thus melancholy buries hope,
Which fear still keeps alive :
And bids us with misfortunes cope,
And all our ills survive."

The

The Emperor Charles V. having wandered up and down for a good while in a forest, where he had lost his way in hunting, found himself at last near a public-house, whither he went to refresh himself. As he came in, he espied four fellows, whose looks forbode him no good; however, he put a good face upon the matter, sat down and called for something to eat and drink. The fellows who were lying down and pretended to be asleep, thought fit to awake. I dreamed, said one of these ruffians, coming near the Emperor, "That I was taking off your hat;" and so he took it. For my part, says another, "I dreamed that your great coat would fit me exactly;" and without any more ado, he fairly stripped him of it. The third paid him the same compliment, and stripped him of his buff coat. The fourth rogue, with the same good manners, went about to take from off his neck a gold chain, where a whistle was hanging. Hold a little, says the Emperor, putting back his hand, before you take this dear whistle from me, give me leave to teach you the virtue of it; *you must do so*. Then having given a loud whistle, his attendants, who were looking for him, and by chance were got near that house, as soon as they heard the whistle, came in, and were very much surprised to find him in that condition. Why, says the Emperor to them, here is a parcel of fellows who have just now made an end of dreaming whatever they pleased; *for my part I have a mind to dream too*. Then having paused a while, Well, added he, I have been dreaming that these four rare dreamers were a pack of rogues, *and deserve to be hanged; and I will have my dream out this very minute*. This command was no sooner given but executed, and all the four knaves were, without any more ado, hanged before the door of that nest of thieves. The old saying was verified in the case of these rogues, *That dreams go by contrarieties*.

The Duke of D———, on his return from Hyde Park one morning, told a great Personage he met with Lord Chesterfield in a very sickly state, taking the air in his carriage: they had not conversed many minutes, when Foote rode up, to enquire after his Lordship's health. "Well, Sam," says the witty Earl, "what part do you play to night?" "Lady Dowager Whitfield," replied the wag. "I am going to cut a figure myself," says his Lordship. "You have long cut a splendid figure, my Lord," says Foote. "It may be so, (says his Lordship, with a smile,) but I am now, Sir, rehearsing the principle character in the Funeral."

An agreeable woman, to whom Santeuil owed some money, meeting him one day at a private house, asked him the reason she had not seen him so long: "It is because you owe me something?" "No, Madam," replied the poet,) that is not what prevents my visiting; and you are the cause that you are not paid." How so?" said the lady. "Because, (said he,) whenever I see you, I forget every thing."

A country justice invited Edwin one day to dinner, with many other persons; and having a mind to shew his wit, took these aside and told them, "Gentlemen, if you'll be ruled by me, we shall make ourselves merry to day with Edwin, who you know sets up for a jester, and drolls upon every body. My clerk being sick a bed, so that I have no body to wait on us, I will propose to draw cuts, to see which of us shall go to the cellar to draw the wine, and wait on the rest whilst they are at dinner: and I will contrive it so, that it shall fall to Edwin's lot." Which being thus concluded amongst them, was put into execution accordingly. Edwin smoked the plot, and was resolved to make his host repent it. Down he went to the cellar to fill the bottles, whilst the others fell too; and being come up again with

with the bottles, "You see, Gentlemen, said he, how I have performed what I had to do; let us now draw cuts *to see which of us shall go down into the cellar to stop the hogsheds I have left running.*" Now the justice talked no more of casting lots, and knowing Edwin to be as good as his word, leaves presently his dinner, and runs to the cellar, where he finds his vessels running, and part of his wine spilt, for which he afterwards expostulated with Edwin. You have no reason to complain of me, answered he, since I have punctually complied with the conditions of the play, which indeed obliged me to draw the wine and fill the bottles, *but not to stop the Vessels of a host who entertains a guest so scurvily.*"

The mildness of Sir Isaac Newton's temper, through the course of his life, commanded admiration from all who knew him, but in no one instance perhaps more than the following: Sir Isaac had a favourite little dog, which he called Diamond; and being one day called out of his study into the next room Diamond was left behind. When Sir Isaac returned, having been absent but a few minutes, he had the mortification to find, that Diamond having thrown down a lighted candle among some papers, and the nearly finished labour of many years was in flames, and almost consumed to ashes. This loss, as Sir Isaac was then very far advanced in years, was irretrievable; yet, without once striking the dog, he only rebuked him with this exclamation, "Oh, Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done."

When the illustrious Alfred, king of Britain, was repulsed by an army superior to his own, he was obliged to submit to the wretched necessity of the times. Accordingly, he assumed a disguise the most likely to conceal him; and after having properly disposed of his family, and settled a method of communication with some
trusty

trusty friends, he engaged himself in the service of his own cow-herd. The wife of the herdsman was ignorant of the rank of her royal guest, and seeing him one day busy by the fire-side in trimming his bow and arrows, she desired him to take care of some cakes that were baking at the fire, while she was employed in other domestic affairs: but Alfred, whose thoughts were otherwise engaged, forgot the cakes; and the woman, on her return, finding them burnt, chid the king very severely, telling him, that he was always willing enough to eat her hot cakes, though he was negligent in turning them. The patient prince entreated her pardon, and promised to be more careful for the future.

The following incident which occurred in a Caledonian courtship, exhibiting the true *ridiculum sublime*, is as veritable as laughable: — A son of medicine (a doctor Shaw) in vital date climacterically verging, having purse as well as person in perspective, breathed out his amorous sighs to the daughter of a Scotch baronet: the lady, prone to jocularity, seemed to listen to his suit solely for the reception of that entertainment greyhaired folly renders in attempting the characteristics of juvenility. The doctor one day was to pay a visit in form to the goddess of his idolatry; on this occasion he was determined to be as Adonis-like in habiliments as possible. It is requisite to be known, that the doctor was a man who scorned to be thought of the sect of Peripatetics; when he appeared, it was in the style equestrian: and his steed, in lack of flesh, and shew of ossification, paced in singularity: on this automaton of bones, he was to be carried to the house of the lady in question; and forward he set for the interview. The doctor was never remarked for a frequent mutation in linen; he had particular attachment for a shirt when once it met in contact with his skin, and before they were separated the natural blanche of the one was somewhat improved by its

its intimacy with the other ; on such an important event as the present, he was guilty of deviation, and resolving to be profuse, he took an immaculate shirt, and put it not on, but in his pocket, prudently considering, that in the action of riding its honours might be tarnished, and its appearance not so white ; to prevent this, he resolved to put it on when he should arrive at a small distance from the scene of his wishes. Arrived at this settled distance, the doctor proceeded to disrobe his upper garments ; still sitting on his horse, his hat, his wig, his coat, and his waistcoat, were taken off, and laid on the pummel of the saddle ; his hands were employed in stripping his saffron-hued skin-case over his head : In this critical moment, malignant fate reigning, his visual ray precluded by the covering of his shirt, his faithful Pegasus received affright from somewhat in the road, set off with the doctor in deminudity, and ran with him in *statu quo* (instinctively knowing, from frequency in going, his master's destination) to the door of the very house he had hoped to enter, with every minutiae of dress adjusted. His Quixote-like appearance threw the family into such paroxysms of laughter, as precluded the operations of speech, or the means of assisting the distressed doctor : the lady, in the doctor's disgrace, received the extremest entertainment, and though she liked human nature in its primitive state, gave the doctor to understand his period in it was not her choice.

Sixtus V. being made Pope from a Grey Friar, did not change his humour by changing his fortune, but still kept the character of a facetious man, and loved to run over in his mind all the cunning tricks he had played, and the adventures of his first conditions. He remembered, amongst other things, that when he was a Friar he had borrowed money of the Superior, or head, of the monastery of ———, and had not repaid it to him. He therefore enquired about him, and hearing he was still

still living, he sent him orders to come, and give him an account of his conduct. The good father, who was conscious of no guilt, went to Rome, with that tranquillity of mind which results from a good conscience. When he was come before the Pope, "We are informed, (said the holy Father to him,) that you have embezzled some of the monastery money, and therefore have sent for you to have an account of the matter."—"Holy Father, (answered the Monk,) I think myself altogether innocent as to that."—"Consider well, (said the Pope,) whether you have not indiscreetly lent money to somebody; particularly to a certain Grey Friar, who came to you in such a year." The good man, having thought upon it a while, "'Tis true, (said he,) Holy Father, he was a great knave, who got that money from me, upon idle pretences, and a promise he made me of repaying it in a little time."—"Well, (said the Pope,) I am that very Friar you speak of; I am willing to return that money according to promise, and advise you, at the same time, *never to lend any more to men of that coat, who are not all cut out for Popes, to be in a condition to pay you again.*" The good man being very much surprised to find his Friar in the person of the Pope, wanted to beg his pardon for calling him knave. "Never trouble yourself about it, (said the Holy Father,) that might be true enough at that time, but God has furnished me with means to retrieve my past offences." Thus he dismissed the good Monk, having paid him the money he owed him, and given him great demonstration of favour.

The ancients spoke of humanity in a less studied phrase than we; but they knew better than we how to practise it. There is a passage in Plutarch which may be applied to them and us with propriety, and which I cannot forbear transcribing. "At the theatre in Athens, a venerable old man was looking about for a seat, which some young ones at a distance perceiving, they beckoned him

him to come to them, intimating they would make room for him; but, when he came near them, they filled up their seat, and made a jest of him; the old man went from seat to seat, in great confusion, being all the while ridiculed by the Athenian youth. But the Spartan ambassadors being present, and seeing his distress, rose up, and placed him honourably in the midst of them. The transaction was noticed by the whole audience, and the behaviour of the Spartans was received with universal applause: whilst the old man shook his head and cried, "What a pity the Athenians should know what good manners are, but that the Lacedæmonians only should put them in practice!"

Pogius, the Florentine, tells a merry story, condemning the folly of such, especially mean persons, as spend their time and estates in hunting and hawking.—Mr. A——, Physician of Milan, saith he, that cured mad men, had a pit of water in his house, in which he dipt his patients, some up to their knees, some up to the girdle, some up to the chin, as they were more or less affected. One of them, that was pretty well recovered, stood by chance before the door; and seeing a gentleman ride by, with a hawk on his fist, and his spaniels after him, would needs know to what use all this preparation served? He made answer, to kill certain fowls; the patient demanded again, What his fowls might be worth which he killed in a year? He replied, nine or ten crowns: and when he urged him further, what his dogs, horses, and hawks stood him in? he told him four hundred crowns. With that the patient bid him be gone as he lov'd his life and welfare: for, said he, if our master comes and finds thee here, he will certainly put thee in his pit amongst the madmen, up to the very chin."

A Sultan, amusing himself with walking, observed a Dervise sitting with a human skull in his lap: not observing

serving his majesty, the reverend old man was looking very earnestly at the skull, and appeared to be in a very profound reverie. His attitude and manner surprised the Sultan; who approached him, and demanded the cause of his being so deeply engaged in reflection? "Sire, (said the Dervise,) this skull was presented to me this morning, and I have from that moment been endeavouring, in vain, to discover whether it is the skull of a powerful monarch, like your Majesty, or of a poor Dervise, like myself."

Some old soldiers going to be shot for a breach of discipline; at their passing by Marshal Turenne, pointed to the scars on their faces and breasts. What speech could come up to this? and it had the desired effect.

By the death of Madame Geoffrin, there are about two hundred poetaster's, who in all probability will never wear velvet again; that lady was so particularly nice in her taste, that she complimented every author, who sung her praises at Christmas, with a pair of velvet breeches. It is computed by a member of her society, that no less than four thousand pair of velvet breeches have been worn out in the poetical service of that lady.

The late Dr. Goldsmith, though one of the first characters in literature, was as great a novice in the common occurrences of life. His own heart perfectly harmless, he imagined every man he sat in company with possessed of the same. The following anecdote will place this observation in a proper point of view: Sitting one evening at the Globe-Tavern, Fleet-street, he called for a mutton-chop, which was no sooner placed on the table, than a gentleman with whom he was intimately acquainted, turned up his nose, and asked how the doctor could suffer the waiter to place such a stinking

ing chop before him? "Stinking? (says the doctor,) in good truth I don't smell it." "I never smelt any thing so disagreeable in my life, (says the gentleman,) the rascal deserves a caning for being so heedless as to bring you such carrion." "In good truth, (replies the poet,) I think so too; but I will be less severe in my punishment." He instantly called the waiter, and after persuading the poor fellow that the chop stunk worse than *asafœtida*, he insisted as a punishment that he should sit down and eat it himself. The waiter argued; but he might as well attempt to beat Charles Macklin out of an opinion: the doctor threatened to knock him down with his cane, if he did not immediately comply with the punishment. When the waiter had swallowed half the chop, the doctor gave him a glass of wine, thinking, with his usual good-nature, it would make the remainder of the sentence less painful. When the waiter had done, Goldsmith's friend burst into an honest laugh. "What, in God's name, ails you now? (says the poet)." "Indeed, my dear friend, I could never think that any man, whose knowledge of letters were so extensive as your's, could be so great a dupe to a stroke of humour; the chop was as fine a one as I ever saw in my life." "Was it? (says the doctor,) then I shall never give credit to what you say again; and so I think I am even with you."

Two men riding from Shipton to Burford, and seeing a miller riding softly before them on his sacks, resolved to abuse him; so one went on one side of him, and the other on the other side, saying, "Miller, now tell us, which art thou, *more knave or fool?*" "Truly, (says he,) I do not know which I am most, but I guess I am *between both.*"

Soon after the peace of Vervins, Henry IV. of France returning from hunting, in a plain garb, and only two gentlemen

gentlemen with him, crossed the river Seyne in a common ferry-boat. Perceiving the waterman did not know him, he asked him, what people said of the peace? "Faith, (answered the waterman,) as to this fine peace, I know nothing of it; but every thing I know is taxed, even to this old tool of a boat, so that I can scarce get a living." "Well, (continued Henry the Fourth,) but does not the King intend to see the people eased?" "The King, (replied Charon,) is well enough of himself; but has a mistress, who must have so many fine cloaths and gewgaws, and it is we pay for all: however, if he had her to himself, it would not be so much, but she is devilishly belied, master, if she does not play the beast with two backs with some others." The King, who had been excessively diverted with this colloquy, sent next morning for the waterman, and made him repeat before the Dutches of Beaufort, without mincing a word, what he had said the evening before. Her Grace was so incensed, that nothing would serve her, but the King must immediately order him to be hanged. "Pho! (said the good-natured monarch,) are you mad? Don't you see he is a poor devil, soured by distress. His boat shall pay no tax, and then he'll be continually singing, *Vive Henri! Vive Gabrielli!*"

Sir Simon Stuart, of Hartley, amusing himself with some old papers belonging to his family, found, endorsed on the outside of a covenant, that 15,000 pieces of gold were buried in a certain field, so many feet from the ditch towards the south. These words appearing a kind of memorandum, the Baronet took a servant with him, and going to the place described, made him dig, and found the treasure in a large iron pot, the mouth of which was covered with parchment, on which were written, in legible characters, the following words:—
 'The Devil shall have it sooner than Cromwell.'

A man that had but one eye met early in the morning one that had a crooked back, and said to him, "Friend, you are loaded betimes." "It is early, indeed, (replied the other,) for you have but one of your windows open."

When Churchill's Prophecy of Famine made its first appearance, which is undoubtedly his finest poem, the sale was rather slow. Meeting his publisher, Mr. Kearsley, in the pit of one of the theatres, Churchill asked him if he heard how it sold? Mr. K. informed him the sale was extensive since the Reviewers damned it. "Ay, (says the poet,) that is fulfilling the Scripture, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, I have ordained strength."

The following story is related of the K. of Prussia. A clergyman of Neufchatel chapel preached against eternal d——n. His parishioners were so disgusted with him, that they would not afterwards suffer him to enter the church door, nay, they even pelted him. The King hearing of it, ordered the doors to be thrown open to the priest, that he might resume his function. The parson now resumed his subject. He would not allow eternal d——n by any means; he had no objection to a limited time, even a hundred thousand years, but not infinite punishment. The parishioners would not suffer him to go on with his sermon, but pulled him headlong from his rostrum, turned him out of the church, and again pelted him. The King sent for the priest, and censured him for his absurdity in resuming a subject so noxious to his hearers, and said, "Since my subjects of Neufchatel are so fond of everlasting d——n, they have my free leave to be d——ned to all eternity."

A Dutch merchant in Amsterdam had sold a thousand pounds worth of gloves to some Jews, who not standing
 o their bargain when they brought their money, would
 C 2 have

have but half. The Dutch merchant desired a little time to sort them, and told them they should have half; so he commanded his men to put "all the right-handed gloves in one parcel, and the left in another." When the Jews came again, he bid them take their choice; which being done and the money paid, they began to pack up; but perceiving at last they were all for one hand, they were forced to take the rest at the merchant's rate.

At the assize of Caernarvon, where judge Barrington presided, a simple Welshman was tried for some petty offence. The Judge in an austere manner, asked him, "What are you?" To which the culprit replied, in his shire manner, "My Lord, I was sell ale by the pound!" "Eh, (says the Judge, not hearing him distinctly) "How do you do, my friend?" "Pretty well, I thank your Lordship, I hope you are well," replied the rustic, with such a simplicity in his manner, that threw the court into a fit of laughter that lasted for a quarter of an hour. His Lordship was as merry as the rest, and leaned to his case in such a manner that he was acquitted.

As Mr. Cunningham, the late pastoral poet, was fishing on a Sunday near Durham, the reverend, as well as corpulent Mr. Brown, happened to pass that way; and knowing Mr. Cunningham, austere reproached him for breaking the Sabbath, telling him, that he was doubly reprehensible, as his good sense should have taught him better. The poor poet turned round and replied, "Your external appearance, reverend Sir, says, that if your dinner was at the bottom of the river with mine, you would angle for it, though it were a fast-day, and your Saviour stood by to rebuke you!"

An old gentleman that possessed a great respect for men of uncommon literary talents, and who frequently conversed

conversed with Chatterton, at the Cyder-cellar in Maiden-lane, gave a loose to his good-nature one evening, and requested the pleasure of the poet's company to supper at his house. When the cloth was removed, some very four wine was placed on the table, which the generous old gentleman praised extravagantly as he was filling Chatterton's glass, requesting him at the same time to drink a bumper to the memory of Shakespeare—The inspired youth had not finished his glass when tears stood trembling in his eyes, and instantly rolled down his cheeks. "God bless me! (says the old gentleman,) "you are in tears, Mr. Chatterton," "Yes, Sir, (says the bard,) this dead wine of yours compels me to shed tears, but by H——n they are not the tears of veneration!"

The late prodigy of genius, the unfortunate Chatterton, was amusing himself one day, in company with a friend, reading the epitaphs in Pancras church-yard. He was so deep sunk in thought as he walked on, that not perceiving a grave that was just dug, he tumbled in to it. His friend observing his situation, ran to his assistance, and as he helped him out, told him in a jocular manner, he was happy in assisting at the resurrection of Genius.---Poor Chatterton smiled, and taking his companion by the arm, replied---"My dear friend, I feel the sting of a speedy dissolution---I have been at war with the grave for some time, and find it is not so easy to vanquish it as I imagined---we can find an asylum to hide from every creditor but that!" His friend endeavoured to divert his thoughts from the gloomy reflection: but what will not melancholy and adversity combined, subjugate? In three days after the neglected and disconsolate youth was no more.

All the teeth of a certain talkative lady being loose, she asked a physician the cause of it, who told her, "It

proceeded from the violent shocks she gave them with her tongue."

When Sir Thomas Moore was ambassador from Henry VIII. to the emperor of Morocco, the morning he was to have an audience, he called for a bumper of sack, drank it, and asked for another; the servant would have dissuaded him from it, but could not; he drank that off, and afterwards a third: he then insisted on a fourth; but being overpersuaded by his servant, he let it alone. When he returned from his audience, "You rogue, (said he to his man,) what mischief have you done me, I spoke so well to the emperor, on the inspiration of the three glasses I drank, that he told me I was fit to govern three parts of the world: Now, you scoundrel, had I drank the fourth glass, I had been fit to govern the whole world."

One day Socrates, having for a long time endured his wife's brawling, went out of his house and sat down before the door, to rid himself of her impertinence. The woman, enraged to find all her scolding unable to disturb his tranquillity, flung the contents of a chamber pot on his head. Those that happened to see it, laughed heartily at poor Socrates; but that philosopher told them, smiling, "I thought, indeed, after so much thunder we should have rain."

The whimsical and immortal author of *Tristram Shandy* was married to Mrs. Sterne on a Saturday morning: his parishioners had timely information of this circumstance, and knowing he would preach the next morning at his parish church, also desirous of seeing the bride, they assembled in such crowds, that the church was full before the bell had done tolling. The bride, as was expected, made her appearance, and the country folks indulged themselves with the usual observations, till

Sterne

Sterne mounted the pulpit : here every eye was directed to him, and every ear ready to catch the words of his text, which turned out to their astonishment, to be the following : " We have toiled all night, and have caught no fish." The congregation looked at each other, some smiled, others stopped their mouths with their handkerchiefs, to prevent them from laughing, while the old folks wore very serious faces, and thought the humourist a very odd sort of a man for a pulpit lecturer ; however, they attended to his discourse, which turned out, as usual very instructive ; and all went home very highly delighted with the text, but poor Mrs. Sterne, who blushed down to her fingers-ends every step of the way to her house.

That excellent companion the old Earl Bathurst, related the following anecdote : When the celebrated actress, Mrs. Cibber, was in Dublin, she sung in the Oratorio of the Messiah. A certain Bishop was so struck with the extreme sensibility of her manner, that he could not refrain from saying, loud enough to be heard by numbers round him, " Woman ! thy sins be forgiven thee !"

The following anecdote of Dr. Goldsmith was related by the facetious bishop of Killaloe. Those who are acquainted with the character of Dr. G. know that economy and foresight were not amongst the catalogue of his virtues. In the suit of his pensioners (and he generally enlarged the list as he enlarged his finances) was the late unfortunate Jack Pilkington, of scribbling memory, who had served the doctor so many tricks, that he despaired of getting any more money from him, without coming out with a *chef-d'œuvre* once for all. He accordingly called on the doctor one morning, and running about the room in a fit of joy, told him his fortune was made ! " How so, Jack ?" says the doctor. " Why, (says Jack,) the Duchess of Marlborough, you must know,

know, has long had a strange *penchant* for a pair of white mice; and as I knew they were sometimes to be had in the East Indies, I commissioned a friend of mine, who was going out then, to get them for me, and he is this morning arrived with two of the most beautiful little animals in nature." After Jack had finished this account with a transport of joy, he lengthened his visage, by telling the doctor all was ruined, for without two guineas to buy a cage for the mice, he could not present them. The doctor, unfortunately, as he said himself, had but half a guinea in the world, which he offered to lend him. But Pilkington was not to be beat out of his scheme: he perceived the doctor's watch hanging up in his room, and after premising on the indelicacy of the proposal, hinted, "that if he could spare that watch for a week, he could raise a few guineas on it, which he would repay him with gratitude." The doctor would not be the means of spoiling a man's fortune for such a trifle. He accordingly took down the watch, and gave it to him: which Jack immediately took to the pawnbroker's, raised what he could on it, and never once looked after the doctor, till he sent to borrow another half guinea from him on his death-bed; which the doctor very generously sent him.

A certain preacher held forth at St. Mary, without giving his auditory any satisfaction. Santeuil, who was present, said, "He did better last year." A bye-stander asserted, he must be mistaken; for the present pulpit-thumper had not preached last year. "That is the very reason," said the poet.

The famous John Baptiste Santeuil, the Latin poet, being in company with a Parisian husband, who was lamenting the infidelities of his wife: "A mere flea-bite, (said the poet,) or less, as it is only an imaginary complaint; few die of it, and many live with it."

Artaxerxes.

Artaxerxes being routed in a battle, and put to flight, after his baggage and provisions had been plundered, he found himself so pressed with hunger, that he was reduced to eat a piece of barley-bread, and some dry figs. But he found such a relish in them, that he cried out, "O, Gods! how many pleasures has plenty deprived me of, to this hour?"

The Lord Chancellor sitting on the judgment-seat to hear criminal causes, kept always one of his ears stopt, while the accuser was pleading; and being asked the reason. "I keep (said he) the other ear to hear the party accused."

Diogenes being asked, the biting of which beast was the most dangerous? answered, "If you mean wild beasts, 'tis the slanderer's, if tame ones, the flatterer's."

While a sailor's sentence was pronouncing, who committed a robbery on the highway, he raised a piece of rolled tobacco to his mouth, and held it between his teeth. When the sentence was finished, he bit off a piece of the tobacco, and began to chew it with great unconcern. "Sirrah! (said the judge, piqued at the man's indifference,) do you know that you are to be hanged shortly?" "So I hear," said the sailor, and squirting a little tobacco juice from his mouth, at the same time. "Do you know, (rejoined the judge,) where you shall go when you die?" "I cannot tell, indeed, an't please your honour," said the sailor. "Why then, (cried the judge, with a tremendous voice,) I will tell you: you will go to hell!" "Then, my lord, I hope I shall have the pleasure of your company there."

The late Marchioness of Tavistock, a short time previous to her death, when she was preparing to go to Lisbon for the recovery of her health, had a consultation

tion of physicians at Bedford-house ; and one of the gentlemen present desired, whilst he felt her pulse, that she would open her hand. Her frequent refusals occasioned him to take the liberty of forcing the fingers gently asunder, when he perceived she had shut them to conceal the miniature picture of the Marquis. " O, Madam ! (observed the physician,) my prescriptions must be useless, if your ladyship is determined to keep before your eyes the representation of an object, which, though deservedly dear to you, serves only to confirm the violence of your illness." " I have kept the picture, (answered the Marchioness,) either in my bosom or in my hand, ever since the death of my dear Lord ; and thus I am determined to preserve it, till I fortunately drop after him into the grave."

A country curate had a dog whom he was extremely fond of ; the poor cur sickened, and died ; and his master, in honour to his memory, gave him christian burial. This came to the bishop's ear, who presently sent for the curate, rallied him to some tune, with menaces of the highest degree, for bringing such a scandal upon the function. " My lord, (says the curate,) if your lordship had but known the understanding of this dog, both living and dying, and especially, how charitable an end he made, you would not have grudged him a place in the church-yard, among his fellow parishioners."—" How so ?" says the bishop,— " Why, my lord, (says the curate,) when he found he was going to his long home, he sent for a notary, and made his will. " There is my poor lord bishop in want, (said he) and it is my will to leave him a hundred pounds for a legacy." He charged me to see it performed, and I have it here in a purse ready counted for your lordship." The bishop upon the receipt of the money, and after second thoughts, gave the priest absolution, and found it a very good will, and a very canonical burial.

It was a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who being asked where her husband was? when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy; resolutely answered, "She had hid him." This confession drew her before the king, who told her, nothing but the discovery of the place where her lord was concealed, could save her from the rack. "And will that do," says the lady? "Yes, (says the King,) I give you my word for it." "Then, (says she,) I have hid him in my heart, where you'll find him." Which surprising answer charmed her enemies, and had the desired effect.

A merry fellow got into a pulpit, before the parson came, and said, Brethren, in this land of Christendom there are neither scholars enough, gentlemen enough, nor jews enough. One answered him, and said, that of all these there were rather too great a plenty than a scarcity. He replied, "That if there were scholars enough, so many ignorant dunces would not be benefited. If gentlemen enough, so many plebeians would not be ranked amongst the gentry. And if jews enough, so many christians would not profess usury."

When the splendid folio edition of Cæsar's Commentaries, by Clarke, published on purpose to be presented to the great Duke of Marlborough, was lately sold at the sale of Mr. Topham Beauclerk's library for forty-four pounds; it was accompanied with an anecdote respecting that gentleman's mode of acquiring that copy, which deserves to be made public. Upon the death of an officer, who had the book in his possession, his mother being informed that it was of some value, wished to dispose of it; and being told Mr. Topham Beauclerk was a proper person to offer it to, she waited upon him for that purpose. He asked what she required for it? and being answered four guineas, took it, without hesitation, though unacquainted with the real value of the book.

book. Being desirous, however, of some information, with respect to the nature of the purchase he had made, he went to an eminent bookseller, and enquired of him what he would give for such a book; the bookseller replied, seventeen guineas. Mr. Beauclerk, actuated by principles of strict justice and benevolence, went immediately to the person who sold him the book, and telling her she had been mistaken in the value of the book, not only gave her the additional thirteen guineas, but also generously bestowed a further gratuity upon her. This anecdote is recorded with the greatest satisfaction; as it does justice to the memory of a character lately conspicuous among us for erudition and talents.

The Khalif Haron Arrished was accosted one day by a poor woman, who complained that his soldiers had pillaged her house, and laid waste her grounds. The Khalif desired her to recollect the words of the Alcoran, "That when princes go forth to battle, the people through whose fields they pass, must suffer."—"Yes, (says the woman,) but it is also written in the same book, That the habitations of those princes, who authorize injustice, shall be made desolate."—This bold and just reply had a powerful effect upon the Khalif, who ordered immediate reparation to be made.

Mr. L——, after a battle, found a grenadier sitting at the foot of a tree, wrapped up in a cloak, who very composedly said to him,—“Noble General, order these wounded men to be taken care of, as their lives may still be saved.”—“Well but, friend, (said the officer,) you have no thought about yourself?”—The grenadier answered, with drawing up his cloak, and shewing both his thighs carried off in the middle.

The late counsellor Harwood, of Dublin, who was once remarkable for his humour and bon mots, seeing an

an officer of the light infantry, with a large plume of feathers upon his cap, "If he had but a cork in his tail, (said the counsellor,) *one might make a shuttlecock of him.*"

Dr. Sheridan, the celebrated friend of Swift, had a custom of ringing his scholars to prayers in the school-room, at a certain hour, every day. The boys were one day very devoutly at prayers, except one, who was stifling a laugh as well as he could, which arose from seeing a rat descending from the bell-rope into the room. The poor boy could hold out no longer, but burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which caused the others to be guilty of the same misdemeanor, when he pointed to the object of his risibility. Sheridan was so provoked, that he declared he would whip them all, if the principal culprit was not pointed out to him; which was immediately done. The poor pupil of Momus was immediately hoisted, and his posteriors laid bare to the rod, when the witty school-master told him, if he said any thing tolerable on the occasion, as he looked on him as the greatest dunce in his school, he would forgive him. The trembling culprit, with very little hesitation, addressed his master with the following beautiful distich:

There was a rat—for want of stairs,
Came down a rope—to go to pray'rs.

Sheridan instantly dropped the rod, and, instead of a whipping, gave him half-a-crown.

When Casimir the Second, King of Poland, was Prince of Sandomir, he won, at play, all the money of one of his nobility, who, incensed at his ill-fortune, struck the Prince a blow on the ear, in the heat of his passion. He fled immediately from justice; but being pursued, and overtaken, he was condemned to lose his head;

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yet the generous Casimir determined otherwise : " I am not surpris'd, (said he,) at the gentleman's conduct ; for, not having it in his power to revenge himself on fortune, no wonder he should attack her favourite." After which he revoked the sentence, returned the nobleman his money, and declared that himself alone was faulty ; as he had encouraged, by his example, a pernicious practice, that might terminate in the ruin of hundreds of his people.

Two soldiers went to see Marshal Saxe's tomb ; after standing some time in all the silence of awe and grief, each drew his sabre, and pass'd it over the stone which covers that great man's remains ; then went away without speaking a word. Let any one try to express more energetically the confidence and regard of those two men towards him.

A poor woman, who had seen better days, understanding from some of her acquaintance, that Dr. Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter, to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state, by continual anguish. The good-natured poet waited on her instantly, and, after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking fast into that worst of sickness, poverty. The doctor told them they should hear from him in an hour, when he should send some pills, which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home and put ten guineas into a chip box, with the following label : " These must be used as your necessities require: be patient, and of good heart."—He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to any thing Galen or his tribe of pupils could administer for his relief.

William

William Penn, the quaker, once waiting upon King Charles II. kept on his hat. The King, as a gentle rebuke for his ill manners, put off his own. "Friend Charles, (said Penn,) *Why dost thou not keep thy hat on?*" "Friend Penn, (replied the King,) it is the custom of this place *for no more than one person ever to be covered at a time.*"

Meeting the Duke of M——at the levee at St. James's one day, for want of other chat, I told him the following story, which I had from George S——n:—Two friends, who had not seen each other for a long while, met one day by accident.—"How do you do?" (says one) "So, so, (replies the other,) and yet I was married since you and I were together."—"That is good news."—"Not very good; for it was my lot to choose a termagant."—"It is pity,"—"I hardly think it so— for she brought me two thousand pounds."—"Well, there is comfort!"—"Not so much; for with her fortune I purchased a quantity of sheep, and they are all dead of the rot."—"That is indeed distressing!"—"Not so distressing as you may imagine; for by the sale of their skins I got more than the sheep cost me." "In that case you are indemnified."—"By no means; for my house and all my money have been destroyed by fire."—"Alas, this was a dreadful misfortune!"—"Faith not so dreadful; for my termagant wife and my house were burned together."

The late Duke of Ancafter, when Lord Lindsay, went into Lincolnshire to raise men for the service in America. During his stay in that county, he so eminently distinguished himself by his generosity, and affability, that he gained the good-will not only of all the gentry, but of every individual in the neighbourhood: so captivating was his manner among the lower rank of people, that every day he made a fresh acquisition of recruits;

among the rest, a country fellow, the only son of an old widow-woman, from whose industry she derived her support, in imitation of the example of some of his companions, in the hour of gaiety inlisted into the service: the report of it soon reached the ears of his mother, who next morning waited on his Lordship, requesting a discharge for her son, representing to him her situation in the most lively colours, whilst the tears ran down her aged and furrowed cheeks. His Lordship, with that tenderness, peculiar to himself, turned upon his heel to conceal his emotion: when he had recovered himself, he turned, took the poor woman by the hand, and taking five guineas from his pocket, gave them to her, saying, "Good woman, you are poor; take this; from this moment your son is discharged; for the King, my master, never wishes to recruit his forces by oppressing the widow or the helpless."

A dragoon was shot in Dublin for desertion, and taking away his horse and accoutrements at the same time. When on his trial, an officer asked him what could induce him to take his horse away? To which he replied, "he ran away with him."—"What," (said the officer,) did you do with the money you sold him for?"—"That, please your honour, (said the fellow,) with the utmost indifference, ran away too."

The glorious answer of the Viscount d'Ortez to Charles the Ninth, is never to be forgotten. It was to this effect: "Sire, I have read the letter, enjoining a massacre of the Hugonots, to the inhabitants of Bayonne. Your majesty has many faithful devoted subjects in this city, but not one executioner."

On the thirtieth of January, (the martyrdom of King Charles the First,) Quin used to say, "Every king in Europe would rise with a crick in his neck."

As

As the late Dean Swift was once upon a journey, attended by a servant, they put up at an inn, where they lodged all night; in the morning the Dean called for his boots; the servant immediately took them to him; when the Dean saw them, "How is this Tom, (says he,) my boots are not cleaned?" "No, Sir, (replied Tom, as you are going to ride, I thought they would soon be dirty again;" "Very well, (said the Dean,) go and get the horses ready:" In the mean time the Dean ordered the landlord to let his man have no breakfast. When the servant returned, the Dean asked if the horses were ready? "Yes, Sir," says the servant; "Go bring them out then," (said the Dean,) "I have not had my breakfast yet, Sir," (says Tom,) "*Oh, no matter for that, (says the Dean,) if you had it you would soon be hungry again.*" They mounted and rode off; as they rode the Dean pulled a book out of his pocket and began to read, a gentleman met them and seeing the doctor reding, was not willing to disturb him, but passed by till he met the servant. "Who is that gentleman," (said he to the servant.) "It is my master, Sir," (said Tom,) "I know that, you blockhead," (said the gentleman,) "but where are you going?" "We are going to heaven, Sir," (says Tom.) "How do you know that," (said the gentleman,) "*Because I am fasting and my master is praying,* Sir, so I think we are in the right road to that place."

The present Lord O—— being under the correction of his school-master, received the following reproachful accompaniment with the rod:—"One of your ancestors invented an Orrery, and another of them gave to the world a translation of Pliny; but you, I fear, will never invent any thing but mischief; nor translate any thing but an idle boy into a foolish man: so that, instead of myrtle, you shall be honoured with birch."

One of the King's soldiers in the civil wars, being full of zeal and liquor, staggered against a church, and clapping the wall of it repeatedly with his hand, hiccapped out, "D---n you, you b---h, never fear—I'll stand by you to the last."

Mr. Sharp the surgeon, being sent for to a gentleman, who had just received a slight wound in a rencontre, gave orders to his servant to go home with all haste imaginable, and fetch a certain plaister: the patient, turning a little pale, "Lord, Sir, (said he,) I hope there is no danger?"—"Yes, indeed is there, (answered the surgeon,) for if the fellow does not set up a good pair of heels, *the wound will heal before he returns.*"

An Italian Bishop struggled through great difficulties without repining, and met with much opposition in discharge of his episcopal function without ever betraying the least impatience. An intimate friend of his, who admired those virtues which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate, if he could communicate the secret of being always easy? "Yes, (replied the old man,) I can teach you my secret, and with great facility; it consists in nothing more than making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain himself. "Most willingly, (returned the Bishop,) In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to Heaven, and remember that my principal business here, is to prepare for my journey there: I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it when I come to be interred: I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are, who, in all respects, are more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and how very little reason I have to repine or complain."

A few

A few evenings after the second part of Mr. Kelly's Thespis appeared, in which the principal performers of Covent-Garden theatre, are unmercifully treated, and particularly Mr. Ross, a gentleman, at the Queen's Arms, St. Paul's Church-yard, seeing Mr. Kearsley the publisher come in, and neither of them knowing that Mr. Ross was in the room, asked him, in a low tone of voice, "if he had read the pamphlet?"—"Yes, (replied Kearsley,) and Kelly has given them all a handsome dressing; but, as to Ross, he has played the devil with him." Mr. Ross in the instant got up, and delivered himself to the company in the following expressive lines, which met with universal applause:—"I should have blushed if Cato's house had stood secure, and flourished in a civil war."

Alexander the Great asked Diomedes, a famous pirate, who was brought prisoner to him, "why he was so bold as to rob and plunder in his seas;" he answered, "that he did it for his profit, as Alexander himself was used to do it. But, because I do it with a single galley, *I am called a pirate*; but you, sir, who do it with a great army, are *called a King*." This bold answer so pleased Alexander, that he set him at liberty.

The late ingenious and unfortunate Bob Lloyd, some time before his commitment to the Fleet-prison, formed a design of compiling a dictionary for the use of schools, superior to any extant. Flushed with this idea, he waited on a bookseller, to whom he communicated his intention. The bookseller had no hopes of Lloyd's success, till he told him he would engage to get his father's approbation of the work, who was second master of Westminster-school, and which would secure an extensive sale throughout England.—The bookseller, on this information began to count the imaginary hundreds, and instantly engaged him for six guineas a sheet.

Lloyd

Lloyd wrote a letter next day to the bookseller, and desired thirty pounds, as he could not stir out of his lodging till he had compounded with one of his creditors who had some sharpeners on the look out for him; at the same time he told him he waited for a certain number of books in different languages to prosecute the work, which he desired might be sent him as soon as possible. The unsuspecting bookseller complied with his request. The books amounted to twenty pounds, which Lloyd no sooner received than he deposited them with a pawnbroker for ten guineas; and then set out with a woman of the town on a country excursion.—But as a spendthrift's cup of happiness is soon dashed with gall, our poor poet found himself stripped of the cash in a few days, and returned penniless to town with his economical companion.—The bookseller waited a considerable time for the fruits of Mr. Lloyd's genius and intense application; but he might as well have waited for the resurrection of Shakespeare, or the tenth volume of Tristram Shandy from Dr. Priestley.

Quin told Lady Berkeley, that she looked blooming as the spring; but recollecting that the season was not then very promising, he added, "I would to God the spring would look like your Ladyship!"

Mr. Quin, wounded a young fellow, who had drawn upon him, slightly in the hand, in a riot at the stage door of Covent-garden theatre. The spark, presently after, came into one of the green-boxes, over the stage door. The play was Macbeth; and in the fine soliloquy, where he sees the imaginary dagger, as Quin repeated, "and on thy blade are drops of reeking blood!" the young fellow bawls out, "Ay,—reeking indeed! what does your conscience prick you? you rascal that's my blood you drew just now." The actor giving him a severe side-glance, replied, just loud enough to be heard

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by him, "Damn your blood, I say!" and then, without the least hesitation, went on with the speech, so that the major part of the audience scarce noticed the interruption.

Two gentlemen disputing about religion in Burton's coffee-house, said one of them, "I wonder, Sir, you should talk of religion, when I'll hold you five guineas you can't say the *Lord's Prayer*;"---"Done, (said the other,) and Sir Richard Steel shall hold stakes."---The money being deposited, the gentleman began with, "*I believe in God*," and so went cleverly through the *Creed*: "Well, (said the other,) *I own I have lost; I did not think he could have done it.*"

The celebrated Count de Caylus, taking a rural walk one day, saw on the border of a ditch a countryman asleep, and a boy, about eleven years of age, regarding the lineaments of his face, and his picturesque dress with a fixed attention. The count approaching with affability, asked him what he was thinking of? "Sir, (said the child,) if I knew how to design, I would trace out the figure of this man."---"Do so, then, (said the admirer of artists,) here are tablets and a crayon." Emboldened by this encouragement, the child attempted to take a representation of the figure before him, and he had scarcely finished the head, when the Count embraced him, and informed himself of the place of his abode, that he might raise him to a better condition.

Santeuil was the first who let fly the shafts of satire against the monks. A Provençal gentleman complained to an attorney at Paris, that he had been cheated by a monk. "What, Sir, (says Santeuil, who was present,) a man of your years not to know the monks!--- There are (continued he) four things in the world you should

should always guard against, the face of a woman, the hind part of a mule, the side of a cart, and a monk on all sides."

The Countess of A——d was solicited in a petition delivered by a very wretched cottager to grant her a little milk for a child in a very sickly state. The Countess, whose heart is of the very worst kind, turned upon the poor woman, and asked her, "How she could dare to deliver such a petition into her hands? Did she take her house for an hospital, and herself for a silly physician, who had nothing to do but attend to the wretches around her?" However, this lady's second in command, her house-keeper, whose feelings came nearer to the amiable, overheard this bitter lecture, and made inquiry where the poor woman lived, where she sent every thing necessary for the afflicted child. As these infernal spirits have always those of the same complexion to be of their cabinet, it so happened here; for the Countess had timely information of the house-keeper's proceeding, and if it were not for the execrations it would lay her ladyship open to, there is not a doubt but the humane woman would have been cashiered.

A gentleman having lent a guinea for two or three days to a person whose promises he had not much faith in, was very much surprized to find, that he very punctually kept his word with him; the same gentleman sometime after was desirous of borrowing a larger sum. No, (said the other,) *you have deceived me once, and I am resolved you shall not do it a second time.*

Among a volume of anecdotes of the Countess of A—— I must mention another related to me some years ago by the immortal Marquis of Granby. One afternoon, in the month of September, the Countess and a veteran officer were walking in that part of the demesne next the

the road to Coventry ; a small brook ran by the road, upon the bank of which sat a wearied soldier, who was taking water with the spout of his hat from the stream, and drinking it. The officer instantly exclaimed, " There, my Lady, there's an object for your benevolence ! send your servant to the house for a cup of strong beer for the poor fellow."---" Good heavens, Colonel, (replied her ladyship,) do you imagine I brew my drink for travellers ? You may as well ask me why I don't put up a sign,"---" And if you did, my Lady, it would not disgrace you ;---I mean the sign of Charity. However, I must do my duty," (says the Colonel,) walking out of the gate, and giving the soldier half a crown. " You had always a soft heart, Colonel," (said her ladyship with a sneer, on his return.) " I hope, Madam, I shall never be such a villain to myself, and to the world, as to part with it for an hard one."

An Archbishop finding fault with some actions of Queen Elizabeth, brought her good arguments out of the Scripture to prove, that they favoured more of the politician than the Christian. " I see, (said she,) my Lord, you have read the Scriptures, *but not the book of Kings.*"

Santeuil having a confessional dress on, either to say vespers, or to muse upon some production, a lady, who took him for a confessor, threw herself upon her knees, and recounted all her sins. The poet muttered something to himself, and the good penitent, thinking he was reproaching her for her wickedness, hastened the conclusion of her confession ; when she found the confessor quite silent. She then asked him for absolution. " What do you take me for a priest ?" (said Santeuil)---" Why then, (said the lady, quite alarmed,) did you listen to me ?"---" And why, (replied Santeuil,) did you speak to me ?"---" I'll this instant go and complain of you

you to your prior," (said the enraged female.) " And I, (said the poet,) am going to your husband, to give him a full account of your conduct."

On Christmas eve, a poor infirm old man went into a shop in the Seven Dials, which, from the similarity of the sign of three muffins, he mistook for the three balls of a pawnbroker, and offered a trifling article for a small sum, which, he said, was to relieve immediate want. Fortunately a certain amiable demirep, in the neighbourhood of Soho, was, at the same time purchasing tea-provender, who, while the shopman was explaining the mistake, gave the aged object two guineas. The poor man looked up to her with tears and astonishment; but before he could recollect himself to thank her, she ran out of the shop. An excellent lesson to the worldly-minded!

The celebrated Lord Chesterfield held a considerable estate under the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, and wanting to put in the life of the present Earl, the fine insisted upon was so very exorbitant, as to ruffle his Lordship's temper in a great degree, though he was obliged to acquiesce in their demands. When the writings were ready, the lawyer carried them to his Lordship, with the Dean and Chapter's compliments. Having signed them, " Well, (says the Earl,) they sent their compliments to me, did they? then return my compliments, but tell them at the same time, that in matters of business, I would sooner deal with the Jewish synagogue."

The Duke of Guise, after a battle fought between Francis I. and Charles V. reproached one Villandry, that though he was in complete armour, yet he had not been seen in the fight, " I'll make it out, (answered Villandry, boldly,) that I was there, and in a place where

where you durst not be seen." The duke, nettled at this reproach, threatened to punish him severely: but he appeased him with these words: "I was, my lord, *with the baggage*, where your courage would not let you go."

A manufacturer in Glasgow, North Britain, upon going into his shop, a few days ago, perceived an old son of Mars very busy in reading to his workmen, a celebrated performance, entitled "**RIGHTS OF MAN**." He desired the veteran immediately to desist, and quit his station. "No: (replied the soldier,) I am employed by these men to read, and therefore am determined not to leave my post: they pay me for my trouble, and they find their advantage in it; as what I read to them, gives them spirits to pursue their labour; the sense of their just and inherent rights operates as a spur to their industry."

Philips, the noted Harlequin, was taken up in London for suspicion of debt, and dealt with the honest officer in the following manner:---He first called for liquor in abundance, and treated all about him, to the no small joy of the bailiff, who rejoiced in having a calf that bled so well, (as they term it). Harlequin made the honest bailiff believe that he had six dozen of wine ready packed up, which he would send for to drink while in custody, and likewise allow sixpence a bottle for drinking it in his own chamber. Shoulder-dab listened to the proposal with pleasure. The bailiff went to the place, as directed, and returned with joy, to hear that it should be sent in the morning early. Accordingly it came by a porter, sweating under his load: the turnkey called to his master, and told him the porter and hamper were come in: "Very well," says he, "then let nothing but the porter and hamper out."

E

The

The porter performed his part very well; he came heavily in with an empty hamper, and seemed to go lightly out with Philips on his back. He was dis-hampered at an ale-house near the water-side, crossed the Thames, and soon after embarked for Ireland. He was very fond of this trick, and would take pride in his project, which was contrived long before he was taken, to be ready on such an emergency.

A gentleman amusing himself in the gallery of the *Pallais*, a place in Paris somewhat like what our Exchanges formerly were, observed while he was carelessly looking over some pamphlets at a bookseller's there, a suspicious fellow stood rather too near him: the gentleman was dressed, according to the fashion of these times, in a coat with a prodigious number of silver tags and tassels: upon which the thief (for such he was,) began to have a design; and the gentleman, not willing to disappoint him, turned his head another way, on purpose to give him an opportunity: the thief immediately set to work, and, in a trice, twisted off seven or eight of the silver tags; the gentleman immediately perceived it, and sily drawing out of his pocket a pen-knife, which cut like a razor, caught the fellow by the ear, and cut it off close to his head. Murder! murder! cries the thief; Robbery! robbery! cries the gentleman; upon this the thief, in a passion, throwing them at the gentleman, "There are your tags and buttons!" "Very well, (says the gentleman,) there is your ear," throwing it back in a similar manner.

Old Taswell, the comedian, having a dispute in the green room with Mrs. Clive, the actress, "Madam, (says he,) I have heard of tartars and brimstones, but by G--- you are the cream of the one, and the flower of the other."

Mr.

Mr. T——, the celebrated Tour-writer, was asked by a lady, on his return from Ireland, What sort of dramatic exhibitions he had seen in that kingdom? Those in Dublin, he said, came nearer to the representations in London than what he had seen in any other city there: “the people of that city, Madam, (said he,) have more money, and less pride, and consequently better manners.” When I was in Limerick, that sink of the kingdom for pride and beggary, for insolence and ignorance, I attended the representation of two of Shakespeare’s best tragedies, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Hamlet*, when, to my astonishment, the instant the funeral of Juliet appeared, and the band of singers began the dirge, the major part of the audience set up the Irish howl, taking it for a real funeral; and when the grave-digger in *Hamlet* began the first stave of his song, a number of fellows from the gallery pelted him with apples, pronouncing him the most unfeeling rascal in the world, nor would they suffer him to proceed, but called out for another grave-digger; whom their spokesman questioned thus, “Can you sing, Mr. WHATCH’O’CUM?” “Not I, faith and troth, (said the fellow,) don’t you remember hissing me, my jewel, in old Jenkins, last night?” “Very true, (said the gallery hero,) then you may dig away as fast as you can.”

As a poor man was passing through Smithfield, who could hardly walk, he was stopped by a young man, who offered to carry him. “No, (replied the old man,) I shall buy an ass to-morrow.”

Lord Townshend, when viceroy of Ireland, knighted Alderman King, then sheriff of Dublin, (better known to the inhabitants and frequenters of Dublin, by the appellation of Sir Anthony Tinker,) for his eminent service in quelling a dangerous mob. Sir John Hasler,

then gentleman-usher at the castle, sent the usual bill of accustomary fees, and a sword, which is also presented on the occasion to the new-made knight. Sir Anthony was seated behind his counter, in a little tin-shop:---his lady on the opposite side, selling a hard bargain of a save-all to an apple-woman, when the messenger with the bill and the sword arrived. The demand was 126l. "One hundred and twenty-six devils! (said Sir Anthony,) go home and tell your master that I am a Knight, and that Isabella is a Lady, without paying any fees; and that, as d'you see me, I shall never be sheriff again—I won't want a sword; and harkee—let me see---by J---s, that gingerbread thing you have there is not worth six-pence---and as I could make a better out of tin, I won't have it; and I won't pay the bill---and so that's all, Mr. Messenger. I can't be possesst for the fees---and so, Sir, if you please, I am Sir Anthony King, without fees." Isabella, her new-made ladyship, had cast a longing eye on the ribbon, which was tied in a fashionable knot to the sword---and turning to the Knight, she said, "Sir Anthony, you may want the sword, you know, when you are Lord Mayor.---" "Pogh! you fool, (replied the Knight,) there is a large gold sword belongs to the Lord Mayor, which is so heavy, that the city pays a man for carrying it; besides, my dear, if ever I have a formal sword, it shall be a large *couteau-de-chasse*." The bill was returned, and the fees have never since been paid.

A fellow who had picked up a few scraps of the French tongue, and was entirely ignorant of the Latin, accosted a gentleman with "Quelle heure est il Monsieur? in French, what is it o'clock, Sir?" To which the gentleman answered, "Nescio." In Latin, I don't know. "D---n it, (said the fellow,) I did not think it was near so late;" and ran off, as if he had something of consequence to do.

AN

An Irishman at an Affize in Corke, was arraigned for felony, before Judge Montenev. He was asked who he would be tried by? "By no one, by J---s, says he. The jailor desired him to say, by God and his country. "Upon my shoul I will not, (says Paddy,) for I don't like it at all at all, my dear!" "What's that you say, honest man?" says the judge. "See there now, (says the criminal,) "his lordship, long life to him, calls me an honest man, and why should I plead guilty?" "What do you say?" says the judge, in an authoritative voice. "I say, my lord, I won't be tried by God at all at all, for he knows all about the matter; but I will be tried by your lordship and my country."

A sea officer, who, for his courage in a former engagement where he had lost his leg, had been preferred to the command of a good ship; in the heat of the next engagement, a cannon ball took off his wooden deputy, so that he fell upon the deck; a seaman thinking he had been fresh wounded, called out for a surgeon, "No, no, (said the captain,) the carpenter will do."

Riding one day on Richmond Hill, I observed a house delightfully situated; and asked a gentleman, who rode beside me, whose house it was? who informed me it belonged to a card-maker. "Upon my life, (said I,) one would imagine all this man's cards turned up trumps."

Colonel G——, coming to Foote in Suffolk-street, in an elegant new phaeton, at parting desired Foote would come to the door just to look at it: "'Tis a pretty thing, (said the Colonel,) "and I have it on a new plan." "Before I set my eyes on it, (said Foote,) my dear Colonel, I'm very much afraid you have it on the old plan,---never to pay for it."

At the Grosvenor trial in Westminster-hall, a witness being produced that had an enamelled nose ; counsellor Dunning thinking to daunt him, said, " Now you are sworn, what can you say with your copper nose ? " " Why, by the oath I have sworn, I would not change my copper nose for your brazen face. "

Edmund Burke and the Hon. Charles Fox, supping one evening at the Thatched House, were served with dishes more elegant than usual. Charles's appetite happening to be rather keen, he by no means relished the kickshaws before him ; and addressing the orator, " My friend Burke, (said he,) these dishes are admirably calculated for your palate, they are both sublime and beautiful ! "

Miss S—, one of the famous Miss H—'s fille's-de-joy, in dancing at a masquerade at Carlisle-house happened to trip, and fell flat on her back ; Foote, who was in a domino, and near her, stooping to pick her up, said, " Never mind it, my pretty dear, practice makes perfect. "

A fellow hearing the drums beat up for volunteers for France, in the expedition against the Dutch, imagined himself valiant enough, and thereupon enlisted himself ; returning again, he was asked by his friends, what exploits he had done there ? he said, that he had cut off one of the enemies legs ; and being told that it had been more honourable and manly to have cut off his head : " Oh ! (said he,) you must know that his head was cut off before. "

In the war in Flanders, when the Earl of Stair was commander in chief, after a severe battle, which lasted from morning till evening, and terminated in favour of the British troops, a veteran soldier, excessively fatigued,

tigued, was resting on his arms, and looking very grave ; Lord Stair coming by, asked him why he looked so dull ? “ Dull ! your Honour, I am not dull ; I am only thinking what a hard day’s work I have done for a groat ! ”

On the death of the late glorious king William, and the accession of queen Anne to the throne of these realms, a young clergyman, whose talents were purely evangelick, asked a friend what alterations were necessary to be made in reading the prayers of the church upon that occasion ? His friend answered, No other than that where he said King before, he must then say Queen ; and where he said Lord, he must say Lady. Our Levite went away well edified by his friend’s instructions, as you shall hear ; for, the next Sunday, when he was reading divine service, and came to this prayer, Almighty King of kings, and Lord of lords, he, with an audible voice, began, “ Almighty Queen of queens, and Lady of ladies.”

The same hopeful parson used to be very prolix in his sermons, which many of his congregation complained of ; among the rest his mother took him to task about it ; upon which he told her, that he did not know when to leave off. “ Well then, my dear, (said she,) take notice of me, and I will, when I think your sermon has been long enough, put my finger up to my nose, after which you must take the first opportunity to conclude.” Accordingly, the next sermon day, his mother was in her seat at church, which stood just opposite the pulpit, from whence her son had a full view of her, and watched for the signal ; this she unfortunately gave, just as he was telling his hearers what virtues were necessary for them to practise ; and that if they failed to do them, they would certainly be damned ; “ which, (says he, in consequence of his mother’s

mother's sign,) that you may all be; God of his infinite mercy grant."

Some time after the H--nble Mr. T--shend had given up his commission in the guards, he went one morning to the parade, where Colonel Fitz---m, who was remarkable for being a tale-bearer to his R--l H--ness the D--e, was looking over the exercise, in order that, if any thing was wrong, he might carry it. Upon seeing Mr. T--shend, "What, T--shend, (says he,) though you have left us, I see you come here as a Spectator."—"Yes, (says the other,) and you come here as a Tatler."

Dr. Thompson was a peculiar sloven, and, in the practice of a physician, an utter and declared enemy to muffins, which he always forbad his patients. Being one day upon a visit to Lord Melcombe, at Hammer-smith, with Mr. Garrick, Mr. P. Whitehead, &c. the company were assembled at breakfast, long before the doctor appeared: just as he entered the room, in an uncouth habit, Lord Melcombe uncovered a plate of muffins, which Thompson, fixing his eyes upon, with some indignation, said, "My Lord, did not I beseech your Lordship before, never to suffer a muffin in your house?" To which his lordship archly replied, "Doctor, I've an utter aversion to muffins and raggamuffins."

The celebrated Michael Angelo having received some insult from one of the cardinals of Rome, in revenge, painted a most striking likeness of his enemy, and placed him among the damned, suffering the torments of hell. The satire had its effect. It was the topic of general admiration and merriment. The cardinal, stung with the bitterness of the caricature, complained to his Holiness. Pope Leo was too much a lover

lover of the fine arts to gratify the cardinal's desire, and therefore told him, that he had it not in his power to punish the offender. "If, (said he,) the insult had been laid in heaven, or the earth, or even in purgatory, I could perhaps have redressed you, for I have something to say in all these places; but I have no interest in hell."

A Scotch member of parliament, of great wit and humour, coming to the marquis of Rockingham's one morning, at the time of the great opposition between him and Lord North, told his lordship that he had some very bad news to acquaint him with. "What's the matter?" quoth the marquis. "By my troth, (quoth he,) what I hae to tell ye is very bawd on our seed." "Prithee, (said the marquis,) do not keep me any longer in suspense; what is it?" "Don't your lordship ken that Sawney Wedderburn is bought over?" "That is impossible, (says the marquis,) for a stauncher man does not live than honest Sawney; but what makes you think so?" "Why, and please your lordship, I saw the other morning a five hundred pound bank note in his hand; and I am sure Sawney never brought that out of his own country."

When the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons was in London last summer, an Irish lad, the son of one of his tenants, whom he had just taken from the plow tail, accompanied him in the character of an under footman; his master, who lodged at the bottom of Norfolk Street, sent him one day to call a hackney coach; in a few minutes he appeared with the carriage, having taken one of the horses by the reins, and led them to the door. The Speaker naturally expressed his surprise at the absence of the coachman; to which the fellow simply replied, "The devil a word your Honour said to me about a coachman, you only told me to bring a coach, and sure I found an ocean of them at the top of the

the street." However Paddy went back to look for the man, who had just missed his carriage, and seemed almost distracted at the circumstance; on observing his whip in his hand, he went up to him, and seized him by the collar, saying, "Sure enough, I believe you are the man my master sent me for—now, bad manners to you!—who do you think will ride in your coach, without somebody to drive the horses?" and immediately brought him to his master, where it is hardly necessary to add, the man was made very happy by the recovery of his lost goods.

The same lad was sent a few days after to buy a piece of cheese: his fellow servants did not like the taste of it; he was desired to change it: it was one half of a Gloucester cheese. He went back, and brought the other half; he was told, upon tasting it, it was the same. "I'll take my bible oath of that, (said he,) for it is the other half; I saw the man change it with my own eyes;—you may buy your cheese yourselves for me."

Pope, who, whatever his other good qualities might be, certainly was not much troubled with good nature; was one evening at Button's coffee-house, where he and a set of literati had got poring over a manuscript of the Greek comic poet Aristophanes, in which they found a passage that none of them could comprehend: as they talked pretty loud, a young officer who stood by the fire, heard their conference, and begged that he might be permitted to look at the passage. "Oh! (says Pope, sarcastically,) by all means, pray let the young gentleman look at it." Upon which the officer took up the book, and, considering awhile, said, that there only wanted a note of interrogation to make the whole intelligible: which was really the case; "and pray, master, (says Pope, piqued, perhaps, at being out-done by a red-coat,) what is a note of interrogation?"—"A

note

note of interrogation, (replied the youth, with a look of the utmost contempt is a little crooked thing that asks questions." 'Tis said, however, that Pope was so delighted with the wit, that he forgave the sarcasm on his person.

A lady, remarkable for making use of hard words, without giving much heed to their proper signification, was once declaring her abhorrence to a gentleman, which, she said, was so great, that she never saw him but he filled her full of Concupiscence.

The Marchioness of C—, on being detected in her amour with Mr. B—, requested her maid to keep it a secret, and if the other servants knew it, she begged she would bribe them into secrecy, for which she gave her four guineas, saying, at the same time, if her mamma heard of it, she was an undone woman! To which the girl smartly replied, "That could not be, for her ladyship was an undone woman already!"

Such is the force of female curiosity, that lady Wallace, who is never at a loss for an answer, one day affected to be wanting on that point: "Pray, sir, (said her ladyship to a country gentleman,) I am often asked what age I am; what answer should I make?" The gentleman immediately guessing her ladyship's meaning; said, "Madam, when you are asked that question again, answer that you are not yet come to years of discretion."

The late Earl of Chatham, who bore no good-will to a certain physician, was rallying him one day about the inefficacy of his prescriptions. To which the doctor replied, he defied any of his patients to find fault with him. "I believe you, (replied the witty Earl,) for they are all dead!"

When

When I was a boy, I was very fond of my bed; my father came into my bed-chamber one morning, and seemed angry with my sleeping so long, saying, the sun had been up above three hours. "That's no great wonder, Sir, (said I,) if I had as many miles to travel to-day as the sun has, I would have risen as soon as him."

The late Lord Ross engaged an apothecary, in Oxford Street, to attend three of his servants who were dangerously ill, and went to Ireland without discharging the account. In about two years after this event, he returned to London, and was traced by the apothecary, who knew his carriage, and stopt him in Bond-street. Lord Ross enquired for the bill, which the understrapper of Esculapius presented in at the window with a receipt. The sum total was sixteen pounds ten shillings and six-pence, which he thinking an exorbitant charge, pulled out his purse, gave the pharmacopolist half a guinea, and then ordered his coachman to drive on; but not before the enraged apothecary had surveyed the limited recompence with surprise, and exclaimed, in the hearing of the mob, "Ah, you Irish bite, I have got six and three-pence by you now."

The late Lord Hawke, when a young man, was pressed very much by a taylor to discharge a debt which he was at that time unable to pay. "You know, (said Mr. Buckram,) my bill is very long, and frightful to think of"—"Don't threaten me, (replies the blunt tar,) with your bill; my talons will prove a match for your bill any hour!"

C—F—, who has for some time styled himself the Man of the People, and who is now so much attached to Mrs. R—, the celebrated demirep, was observed in her carriage by Mr. S—, who wittily observed

to some gentlemen at Arthur's, "The connection was perfectly right; the Man of the People, and no other, should be Cicisbeo to the Woman of the People."

When C— F— was vehemently teased for money, by some Hebrew creditors, he told them, he would discharge the incumbrance as soon as possible. "But, Mr. F— name the daysh?" "The day of judgment." "Oh, Mishter F—, that will be too bishy a day for us." "Right, Moses, so we will make it the day after!"

Mr. Macklin, along with many others, accompanying the remains of the late Mr. Barry to the grave, when they got to the spot of interment, which was about the center of the left quadrangle of the cloisters, Westminster-Abbey, spoke to a gentleman who was with him to get up on some rubbish, for the better view; when the gentleman telling him, that if they staid where they were, they could very well see the interment, which was all they wanted. "Not at all, Sir, (says this stage veteran,) I want to see an exact representation of the whole, for I don't know how soon I may be called upon myself to be a principal performer in the same tragedy."

During his Majesty's last painful illness, that eminent phylician, Dr. Zimmerman of Hanover, attended him. One day, when he waited upon his Majesty, the King said to him, "You have, Sir, I suppose, helped many into another world." "Not so many, (replied Zimmerman,) as your Majesty, nor with so much honour to myself."

A gentleman in Ireland, remarkable for what is called bulls, was met one day in mourning; "How now, Frank, (says his acquaintance,) who are you in mourning for?" "For my poor wife, honey," answers he.

F

God

"God blefs me!" fays the other. "Indeed it is very true, (fays Frank,) ſhe would have been three weeks dead, if ſhe had lived till laſt Wednesday."

The ſame perſon going to ſee what time of day it was by a dial, which the ſun ſhone very bright upon, his eyes were ſo dazzled, that he could not diſtinguiſh: "Oh! the devil burn theſe fellows, (fays he,) why could they not have put this dial in the ſhade?"

Another time being aſked to breakfaſt at a friend's houſe, he excuſed himſelf, becauſe he never drank tea; "And pray, (fays ſomebody,) what do you uſually take for breakfaſt?" "Vegetables, (fays he,) generally; a beef-ſteak or mutton-chop."

A certain gentleman, famous for ill-natured remarks and ſarcaſtical expreſſions, and who had an offenſive breath, was very deſirous of being introduced to the celebrated Mr. Gray; who, knowing his character, was equally ſolicitous to avoid his company. By chance they happened to meet at ſome public aſſembly, and the gentleman embraced the occaſion of accoſting Mr. Gray, "Sir, it is a very cold day!" "It is ſo," replied Mr. Gray. "Upon my word, (rejoined the other,) I rode out this morning, and the north wind was ſo keen that it cut me in ſuch a manner, that it was quite intolerable." "Sir, (replied the poet,) from what I have heard of you, I ſhould ſuppoſe that the wind had the worſt of it."

The earl of Dorſet having a great deſire to ſpend an evening with Butler, the celebrated author of Hudibras, ſpoke to Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd to introduce him. The three wits, ſome time after, accordingly met at a tavern, when, upon the firſt bottle, Butler was rather flat; on the ſecond, he broke out the man of wit and
reading;

reading; but on the third, relapsed into a tameness of conversation, very inferior to the author of Hudibras. Next morning Mr. Shepherd asked his lordship how he liked his friend Butler? "I do not know any thing better to compare him to, (says his lordship,) than a nine-pin, little at both ends, but great in the middle."

When Lord Chesterfield was dying, Sir Thomas Robinson paid him a visit of condolence, and said, rather bluntly, "I am sorry, my lord, to perceive, that you are dying by inches." "Oh, don't be sorry about the matter, (replied the peer,) but thank God, that I am not so tall as you by a foot."

The political Lord Lyttelton's Dialogues of the Dead being the subject of conversation one evening; the Duchess of Northumberland asked my opinion of them? to which I replied, "I thought them excellent likenesses *after* life."

A maid servant, of the Roman catholic religion, living in a Protestant family in Ireland, was persuaded by her mistress, one Sunday, to go to the established church, where the lessons happened to be those in which frequent mention is made of Mary Magdalen. The wench coming home, her mistress asked her how she approved of the service? "Faith, madam, (said she,) I liked it very well; but I little thought to hear the minister talk so much of Molly M^c Dillon, my shoemaker's wife."

When Mr. Love appeared on Drury-lane theatre, in the character of Falstaff, being a man of some genius, he used to puff constantly in the newspapers, upon his excellency in the part; all which, however, availed but little, as he never could bring a full house. One Bignell, sitting with a few of the players at the Black Lion,

had taken up and filled a pipe, the funnel of which was stopt, and after several attempts to light it, he threw it down in a passion, saying, "Egad, gentlemen, I'm like your new Falstaff; I have been puffing, and puffing, this long while past, but all to no purpose, for I am not able to draw!"

Lord Peterborough, when a young man, and about the time of the Revolution, had a passion for a lady who was fond of birds. She had seen and heard a fine canary bird at a coffee-house near Charing-cross, and entreated him to get it for her. The owner of it was a widow, and Lord Peterborough offered to buy it at a great price, which she refused. Finding there was no other way of coming at the bird, he determined to change it; and getting one of the same colour, with nearly the same marks, but which happened to be a hen, he went to the house. The mistress of it usually sat in a room behind the bar, to which he had easy access. Contriving to send her out of the way, he effected his purpose; and upon her return, took his leave. He continued to frequent the house, to avoid suspicion; but forbore saying any thing of the bird, till about two years after; when, taking occasion to speak of it, he said to the woman, "I would have bought that bird of you, and you refused my money for it; I dare say you are by this time sorry for it." "Indeed, Sir, (answered the woman,) I am not; nor would I take any sum for him; for, would you believe it? from the time that our good king was forced to go abroad and leave us, the dear creature has not sung a note!"

Milton was asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages? to which he replied, "No, Sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

When

When Lord Townshend was viceroy of Ireland, his butler, in preparing the cloth for a choice festival, was unlucky enough to break a dozen of china plates, of a rare and beautiful pattern. "You blockhead, (cries his Lordship, meeting him presently after, with another dozen in his hand,) how did you do it?" "Upon my soul, my Lord, they happened to fall just so," replied the fellow, and instantly dashed them also upon the marble hearth into a thousand pieces.

The Prince of Condé, coming to congratulate his master, Louis XIV. on the battle of Seniff, in which his highness had commanded and gained great honour; the king stood on the top of the stairs to receive him. The prince being lame of the gout, mounted very slowly, and stopping midway, begged his Majesty's pardon, if he made him wait. "Cousin, (said the king,) do not hurry yourself; a person loaded with laurels, as you are, cannot move very swiftly."

The late Sir Robert Henley having received a commission constituting him captain of the Etna fire-ship, was the same evening passing home to his lodgings, when a fine madam meeting him in the street, earnestly intreated the favour of a glass of wine: the baronet cursing her for a silly whore, said, "He was well content with one fire-ship in a day."

Mr. Palmer of Drury-lane theatre, (I mean the ladies' Mr. Palmer,) appeared at a rehearsal in a violent perturbation of mind, on some intelligence he had just heard: Mr. Bannister requested to know what made him so uneasy? "Monarchs, my dear Sir, (says Palmer, with a tragedy strut,) monarchs have met with afflictions, then why should I grieve? my puppy of a brother, a-cub, Sir, has made as bad a match as he pos-

sibly could make; he was married yesterday, and the girl is as penniless as a third-rate actress's dressing woman." "What is the lady's name?" says Bannister: "Sharp, I think they call her," says Palmer. "My dear friend, (says Bannister,) I don't see why you should fret so, it was a musical wedding, there was a flat and a sharp!"

Two country attornies overtaking a waggoner on the road, and thinking to break a joke upon him, asked him, Why his fore horse was so fat, and the rest so lean? The waggoner, knowing them to be limbs of the law, answered them, "That his fore horse was a lawyer, and the rest were his clients."

Dagger Marr, who was ever wrangling with the managers of Drury-lane theatre, was very fond of taking bread in his pocket, and feeding the ducks in St. James's Park: one day, while he thought himself unnoticed, he observed one of the ducks swim about as swift as any three of them, and gobble up so much of the bread, that Dagger roared out loud enough to be heard by Garrick, who was not far behind him, "Get out of that you gobbling rascal, I perceive you are a manager!"

A gentleman talking of his travels, a lady in company said she had been a great deal farther, and seen more countries than he. "Nay, then, madam, replied the gentleman, as travellers, we may lie together by authority."

A person about to describe a snuff-box he had seen, which was an Egyptian pebble, set in pinchbeck, said it was "a gipsy's nipple set in pinchgut."

A coxcomb

A coxcomb told a lady his wits were always a-float ; to which she acquiesced, by telling him, she knew he very often sent them for a venture.

The same, who was by no means an Adonis in his person, was remarkable for looking at his face in a glass wherever he met one ; which was mentioned by a person as an instance of his conceit ; but another said, he thought it was rather a mark of his courage ; for it shewed he was not easily frightened.

An idiot was on his death-bed, when one asked him where he expected to go. " Why, to heaven," answered he. " How so ? (says the person,) are you not a fool ?" " Well, (says he,) God never expected more than he gave."

When Mrs. Kennedy's Macheath had a great run, she happened to be pretty far advanced in her pregnancy : a gentleman observed to a nobleman who sat near him, that " if the managers did not suspend the performance for some time, the audience would find Mrs. Kennedy *labour* in the performance very soon."

A Scotch bag-piper travelling to Ireland, opened his wallet by a wood side, and sat down to dinner : no sooner had he said grace, but three wolves came about him. To one he threw bread, to another meat, till his provender was all gone. At length he took up his pipes, and began to play, at which the wolves ran away. " The deel faw me, (said Sawney,) and had I ken'd you loo'd music so weel, you should have haen it before dinner !"

Dryden's Translation of Virgil being commended by a Right Rev. Bishop, a witty Earl said, " The original is indeed excellent ; but every thing suffers by a translation, except a bishop."

Ben

Ben Johnson being one night at the Devil tavern, there was a country gentleman in the company, who interrupted all other discourse with an account of his land and tenements; at last Ben, unable to bear it longer, said to him, "What signifies your dirt and your clods to us? where you have one acre of land I have ten acres of wit." "Have you so, (said the countryman,) good Mr. Wise-acre?" This unexpected repartee from the clown, struck Ben quite mute for a time; "Why, how now, Ben, (said one of the company,) you seem to be quite stung?" "I never was so pricked by a hob-nail before," replied he.

A lady being ill, sent for a physician, and on his leaving the room, gave a fee of two guineas. This she repeated several times, and one day she gave him a single guinea. This by some accident fell upon the floor, when the doctor picked it up, and turning to the lady, with a significant look, said, "Madam, I believe I have dropt a guinea." "No, doctor, (replied the lady, smartly,) 'twas I who dropt the guinea."

A certain lord who had a termagant wife, and at the same time a chaplain who was a tolerable poet, my lord desired him to write a copy of verses on a shrew. "I cannot imagine, (said the parson,) why your lordship should want a copy who have so good an original."

Footie being some time since at a nobleman's house, his lordship, as soon as dinner was over, ordered a bottle of cape to be set on the table, when, after magnifying its good qualities, and particularly its age, he sent it round the table in glasses that scarcely held a thimble-full. "Fine wine, upon my soul," says the wit, tasting and smacking his lips. "Is it not very curious?" says his lordship. "Perfectly so indeed, (says the other,)

other,) I do not remember to have seen any thing so little of its age in my life before."

Some gentlemen went to sup at a tavern, where they ordered some fish, which happened to be very stale. When the bill was brought the charge was extravagant, which one of the company finding fault with the landlady for, another excused her by saying, that they must consider "she had been out of her money a great while."

An officer in a marching regiment, drinking with some of his brethren, and the toast being The Army, was desired to leave no heel-taps; (heel-taps is a cant phrase for liquor at the bottom of the glass,) for, says the person, you will get many heel-taps by the army. "Yes, my dear friend, (says the other,) but I must wait for dead men's shoes."

One telling Charles XII. of Sweden, just before the battle of Narva, that the enemy were three to one: "I am glad to hear it, (answered the king,) for then there will be enough to kill, enough to take prisoners, and enough to run away."

One day several ladies and gentlemen, among whom was Charles F—, went, in different boats, on a party of pleasure on the Thames. By accident one of the boats overturning, all who were in it were fouled into the water; but in particular, a pretty young girl, who being in imminent danger, a gentleman leaped out of another boat to save her. The girl, as soon as he swam to her, laid hold of him by the waistband of his breeches, which, with her pulling, soon gave way; and scarce knowing what she did, she laid hold of him by a place which shall be nameless; however, he brought her ashore. Afterwards, having got themselves dried, and
being

being at dinner at a nobleman's house, the cloth removed, and the ladies withdrawn, the gentlemen began to laugh and joke with him who saved the girl, on account of the odd part she had seized him by. "Faith, (says Charles F—, I think she did quite right : she was afraid of being drowned, and, to secure herself, laid hold of what never goes to the bottom."

It being asked in company with my Lord C—d, whether the piers of Westminster-Bridge would be of stone or wood : "Oh, (said my lord,) of stone to be sure, for we have too many wooden peers already at Westminster."

Quin, the player, famous for his repartees, dined in the country with a certain great D—ke, who made an apology for treating his guests only with port wine, because his butler had lost the key of his claret cellar. After dinner, he took them into the garden to shew them an ostrich ; and, among other strange qualities which appertained to that creature, told them it could digest iron. "Then, my Lord, (says Quin,) I suppose it was he that swallowed the key of your Grace's cellar."

Sir Toby Butler, a famous Irish lawyer, was once pleading a cause before a judge who was suspected of being bribed ; the judge, observing his linen not to be the most snowy, said to him from the bench, "Fye, Sir Toby, fye ! how can you come to court in such a dirty shirt ?" "My Lord, (says he,) my shirt may be dirty, but, by my shoul, my hands are clean."

A gentleman, was making a visit at a house, where he observed that as the company withdrew one by one, all the rest began to pull them to pieces. The clock struck ten before he attempted to stir, when a person
who

who came with him asked him if he designed to sleep there? "Be quiet, (says he,) I am staying to watch myself."

A pert blockhead, who thought himself very smart, was once in company with Doctor Swift, who rising from his chair in a saucy manner, on something he said, "for you must know, Mr. Dean, (adds he,) that I set up for a wit." "Do you? (says the Dean, very gravely,) why then, take my advice, and sit down again."

Lord Ross, of Ireland, sold a gentleman a horse for a good round sum, which he took upon his lordship's word, that he had no fault. About three weeks after, he meets my Lord; "Why, your Lordship told me, (says he,) that your horse had no fault, and he is blind of an eye." "Well, Sir, (says my Lord,) that's only his misfortune."

Charles F—, when a boy, delighted in arch tricks. In his walks, one Easter Monday, meeting a blind woman, who was crying puddings and pies, he took her by the arm, and said, "Come along with me, dame, I am going to Moorfields, where this holiday time you may chance to meet with good custom." "Thank'e kindly, Sir," says she. Whereupon he conducted her to Cripplegate church, and placed her in the middle aisle. "Now, (says he,) you are in Moorfields;" which she believing to be true, immediately cried out, "Hot puddings and pies! hot puddings and pies! come, they are all hot," &c. which caused the congregation to burst into a loud fit of laughter! and the clerk came and told her she was in church. "You are a lying son of a whore," says she. Which so enraged the clerk, that he dragged her out of the church: she cursing

curfing and damning him all the while ; nor would ſhe believe him till ſhe heard the organ play.

A lady of diſtinction who had wrote many romances, aſked biſhop Law, “ How ſhe could get up to the world in the moon, which he had diſcovered ; for as the journey muſt needs be very long, there would be no poſſibility of going through it without reſting on the way ? ” “ Oh, madam, (ſaid the prelate,) your Grace has built ſo many caſtles in the air, that you cannot want a place to bait at.”

Foote was never remarkable for œconomy : ſo long as œconomy continued the favourite paſs-word at court, ſo long did it continue the favourite mock-word of the Engliſh Ariſtophanes. Every body who remembers Mr. Foote, muſt remember the beautiful ſet of dun horſes with which he uſed to drive his carriage. On being complimented reſpecting their limbs, their fine ſhapes, and colour, one day, “ Yes, (replied the wag,) I am never without a ſet of duns in my retinue ; but with this difference, that in ſummer I drive the duns, and in winter the duns drive me.”

One Iriſhman meeting another, aſked, what was become of their old acquaintance Patrick Murphy ? “ Arrah, now, my dear honey, (answered the other,) poor Patty was condemned to be hanged, but he ſaved his life by dying in priſon.”

Mrs. Macaulay having published her *Looſe Thoughts*, Mr. Garrick was aſked if he did not think it a ſtrange title for a lady to chooſe ? “ By no means, (replied he,) the ſooner a woman gets rid of ſuch thoughts, the better.”

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An Irish Lord, who, to say a bold word, had as little understanding as any man of quality in the three kingdoms, was going down to his country seat, at a time when the road between that and Dublin had been lately measured, and mile-stones set up; his Lordship, who had not been that way since this new improvement, was exceedingly pleased with it: now, you are to observe, that, as he came from town, the stones were on his right hand; so that sitting in the same place of the coach when he returned, they were consequently on his left; upon which, not being able to account for so extraordinary a phenomenon, his Lordship observed to his Lady, that no doubt the stones were very convenient: "However, I think it is taking a needless trouble, (says he,) to change them from side to side, every two or three days thus."

A common liar, who, to the improvement of his faculty, had been a traveller, was telling very strange stories of the remarkable things which he had met with while he was abroad: among the rest, he said there were cannon so large in Egypt, that once being in a calash, drawn by four horses, and a sudden shower of rain falling, he drove into one of them for shelter, calash and all. "Oh! (says a gentleman, who was listening to him,) I can vouch the truth of that myself; for I remember I was at the very same time at the other end of it in a post-chaise; and, upon your coming in at the mouth, I drove out at the touch-hole."

The same inventive genius was building a house, which being finished in less time than ordinary, a person testified his surprize; but another said, he did not wonder at it at all, for every body knew that Capt. C— was very good at raising stories.

A rich farmer's son, who had been bred at the university

versity, coming home to visit his father and mother, they having one night a couple of fowls for supper, he told them, that by logic and arithmetic, he could prove those two fowls to be three. "Well, let us hear," said the old man. "Why this, (cried the scholar,) is one, and this, (continued he,) is two, two and one you know make three." "Since you have made it out so well, (answered the old man,) your mother shall have the first fowl, I will have the second, and the third you may keep to yourself for your great learning."

Foote being told that a man in an high office, which gave him an opportunity of handling much cash, had married his kept-mistress: "Good God! (said he,) that fellow is always robbing the public."

A justice of the peace seeing a parson on a very stately horse, riding between Highgate and Hampstead, said to some gentlemen who were with him, "Do you see what a beautiful horse that proud parson has got? I'll banter him a little.—Doctor, (said he,) you do not follow the example of your Great Master, who was humbly content to ride upon an ass." "Why really, Sir, (replied the parson,) the king has made so many asses justices, that an honest clergyman can hardly find one to ride, if he had a mind to it."

Foote and Garrick being at a tavern together at the time of the first regulation of the gold coin, the former pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning, asked the latter, "What he should do with a light guinea he had?" "'Pihaw, it's worth nothing, (says Garrick,) fling it to the devil." "Well David, (says the other,) you are what I always took you for, ever contriving to make a guinea go farther than any other man."

One day, during the last term, as a certain Solicitor,

tor, of no gentleman-like appearance, was passing through Lincoln's Inn, with his professional bag under his arm, he was accosted by a Jew, with, "*Clowes to sell, Sir, old clowes !*" The lawyer somewhat nettled at this address, from a supposition that Moses mistook him for an inhabitant of Duke's Place, snatched a bundle of papers from their damask repository, and replied, "No, Sir, *they are all new suits.*"

As General Paoli was one evening walking down the Hay-market, he was accosted by an itinerent daughter of unlicensed pleasure, who happened to know his face. As she was a pretty girl, he suffered her to hold his arm till he got to Spring Gardens, when he thought to disengage himself from her ladyship; but she still held him, and finding all former rhetoric lost, told him, if he would leave her, he ought to make her a handsome present at least, as they were very nearly connected. The veteran stared, and demanded how? "Why, Sir, (said the girl,) you have been driven from home, and lost your inheritance in defence of liberty; by being attached too much to the same cause, I am reduced to the like extremity.—We are both children of liberty, and therefore, ought to have a fellow-feeling for each other." The wit of the girl so much pleased the old son of Mars, that he took out his purse, and gave her a guinea.

A gentleman sat by another, whom he was very little acquainted with, in the pit of Drury-lane play house, when seeing two women come into a box just opposite to them, he turned about to his neighbour, (and said,) "'Sdeath, can you tell me what ugly bitch that is;" "Who, Sir, (answers the gentleman,) that lady coming into the box?" "'Tis my sister;" "Lord Sir, (cries the other, greatly confused,) I beg ten thousand pardons ;

no, I mean that shocking monster with her?" "Oh! Sir, (answers he,) that's my wife."

The E—l of C——d being asked upon his coming over from Ireland, where he had been Lord Lieutenant, which he gave the preference to, the English or the Irish ladies; (he said,) "that most of the ladies there, look like whores, and are really modest women; whereas, (says he,) most of the ladies in England, look like modest women, and are really whores."

Mr. Macklin, the comedian, going the other day to one of the fire offices, to insure some property, was asked by the clerk, how he would please to have his name entered! "Entered, (replied the veteran of the sock,) why I am only plain *Charles Macklin, a vagabond, by act of parliament*: but in compliment to the times, you set me down *Charles Macklin, Esquire, as they are now synonymous terms*."

A brave tar, with a wooden leg, who was on board Admiral Parker's fleet in the late engagement with the Dutch, having the misfortune to have the other shot off, as his comrades were conveying him to the surgeon, notwithstanding the poignancy of his agonies, being a man of humour, he could not suppress his joke, (saying,) "It was high time for him to leave off play, when his last pin was bowled down."

Mr. Arnold, the celebrated aerial puffer, having promised to go up in a balloon, by night, and on which account it was to be illuminated with lamps; a person observed it was quite proper people that were going heavenward should be enlightened.

Lady W—— is celebrated in Scotland for wit and beauty. Happening to be at an assembly in Edinburgh,

a young gentleman, the son of his majesty's printer, who had the patent for publishing bibles, made his appearance, dressed in green and gold. Being a new face, and extremely elegant, he attracted the attention of the whole company. A general murmur prevailed in the room, to learn who he was; Lady W—— instantly made answer, loud enough to be heard; "Oh! don't you know him? it is young Bible, bound in calf and gilt; but not letter'd."

When the distinguished Major Rogers took up his abode in a spunging-house, in Southampton-buildings Holborn, like a true philosopher, he endeavoured to make his situation as agreeable as possible; he therefore one day, out of a whim, sent cards of invitation to all the bailiffs who frequented the house, to come and dine with him. They accordingly came, and being in high spirits, after dinner, one of them being called upon for a toast, gave, "The d—l ride rough-shod over the rascally part of the creation." When every body was going to drink the toast, the Major (who was at the bottom of the table) cried out, "Stop, gentlemen, every man fill a bumper."—"Oh, there's no occasion for that," (says one of the company:) "Yes, but there is, (says the Major,) consider it is a family toast, and ought to be done justice to."

Lady Vane was at the public rooms in Bath, sitting on a bench among some of her own sex, when a gentleman came up, and asked her ladyship how she did: no sooner had they heard her name, than all the females about her began immediately to change their places; upon which she cried after them, "Bless me, ladies, don't be frightened, whoring is not catching, I hope:"

A quaker came before two judges at an assize in Ireland, as a witness, when he made frequent use of the

words *also* and *likewise*: "Prithee man, (cried one of their Lordships,) why do you vary these words so often, have not they both the same signification?" "No truly, (said the Quaker,) their meaning is very different: as for example, Serjeant Bettsworth is a judge upon this bench, thou art one *also*, but not *like wise*."

A soldier stood upon the stage at the play of Don Carlos prince of Spain, which affected him so much, that he burst into a violent passion of tears; and the duke of York, (afterwards King James the Second) who happened to be at the Theatre, was so pleased with the fellow's sensibility, that he sent him five guineas: the next night the Duke was at the play again, which was the comedy of Rule a Wife and have a Wife; when the centinal upon the stage, who had heard how liberally his comrade's weeping had been rewarded, began to blubber and cry in a most lamentable manner: and he met with his reward also; for the Duke ordered him to be whip'd for misbehaviour on duty.

A gentleman being pressed by another to go and take the air with him, said, he had made an oath, that he would never cross a horse till he had learned to ride.

Two sailors, one Irish the other English, agreed reciprocally to take care of each other, in case of either's being wounded in an action then about to commence. It was not long before the Englishman's leg was shot off by a cannon-ball: and on his calling to Paddy to carry him to the doctor, according to their agreement, the other very readily complied; but he had scarcely got his wounded companion on his back, when a second ball struck off the poor fellow's head. Paddy, who, through the noise and disturbance, common in a sea engagement, had not perceived his friend's last misfortune, continued to make the best of his way to the surgeon,

an officer observing him with a headless trunk upon his shoulders, asked him where he was going? "To the doctor, (says Paddy.)" "The doctor! (says the officer,) why you blockhead the man has lost his head." On hearing this he flung the body from his shoulders, and looking at it very attentively, "by my shoul, (says he,) he told me it was his leg."

A gentleman who called to pay a morning visit to Foote, took notice of a bust of Garrick on a bureau. "Do you know my reasons, (says Foote,) for making Garrick stand sentry there?" "No," (replied his friend.) "I placed him there, (resumed the wit,) to take care of my money, for, in truth I can't take care of it myself."

A sailor coming across Blackheath one evening, was stopped by a footpad, who demanded his money, when a scuffle ensued, the tar took the robber, who meeting some people, who persuaded him to bear away with his prize to the justice of the peace, at Woolwich, which the tar did; and when the magistrate came to examine into the assault, he said, he must take his oath, that he put him in bodily fear, otherwise he could not commit the man: the sailor looking stedfastly at the justice, (answered,) "He, d—n him, he put me in bodily fear! No, nor any that ever lived; therefore, if that is the case, you may let him go; for I will not swear to any such lie."

A gentleman who happened to sit in company with Foote, at the Smyrna coffee-house, took up a newspaper, (saying,) "he wanted to see what the ministry were about:" (Foote, with a smile, said,) "look among the robberies."

Foote was very fond of good eating and drinking, and
naturally

naturally frequented those tables where the best was to be found. He one day, not long before his death, called upon an Alderman in the city, (with whom he was intimately acquainted,) just at dinner time, when instead of the usual delicacies, he saw only some green peas soup, and a neck of mutton; he suffered both to be taken away, and said he should wait for something else. The Alderman could not refrain telling him, that they had an accident in the morning which spoiled the whole dinner, and nothing had escaped the catastrophe but these two dishes, for the kitchen chimney had fallen in. "Oh! is it so? (said Foote,) then John, bring back the mutton, for I see it is neck or nothing with us."

The late General Carpenter, at a review on Blackheath, rode a charger that seemed crippled; upon which I rode up to him and acquainted him with the circumstance. "Sir, (said he,) I have tried every way to cure him, and have been disappointed in all." "Indeed! (said I,) then the only thing I can recommend, General, is to send him to the College of Physicians, in Warwick-lane."

At an entertainment given by the heads of the parish, to which Charles Bannister was invited, the company, when the glass had gone round a little, began to sing and be merry; when the clerk of the parish, who sung very agreeably, was so conscious of his merit, that he began to grow very troublesome, and would not suffer any gentleman to sing, except such songs as he thought proper to call for. "Hey dey, Mr. Amen, (says Charles,) this is making too free, methinks; for though you make the company sing what you please of a Sunday, I can see no reason you should oblige them to do so every day in the week."

A person going down the river in a boat, haled a ship

ship as he went by. "Ho! (says he,) have you one wise man aboard you?" To which they answered no: "Then, (says he,) you are all fools."

Dean Swift bespoke a pair of shoes of a very eminent shoemaker in Dublin, but the time he promised to bring them home in being elapsed, he sent for him; "So, Dodridge, (says he,) where are my shoes?" "I beg your pardon, Mr. Dean, (answered Crispin,) but upon my word I forgot them." "Very well, (says the Dean,) come and take a walk with me in the garden; where they were no sooner come, than making as if he had forgot something in the house, the Dean returned and locked the door after him: Poor Dodridge waited and waited, but no Dean appeared, till just as the bell rung for Patrick's prayers in the evening; when beginning to expostulate with him on such cruel treatment, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Dodridge, (says he,) but upon my word I forgot it."

When the amiable Duchess of Northumberland was some years ago on the Continent, she stopped at an inn in French Flanders, at the Golden Goose; but arriving late, and being somewhat fatigued with her journey, she ordered but a slight repast for her and her suite, which consisted of only five servants. In the morning, when the landlord presented his bill, her secretary was much surprised at one general item of "Expences for the night, 14 Louis d'ors." In vain did he remonstrate; the artful Fleming knew the generous character of the Duchess, and was positive. The money was accordingly paid. When she was preparing to depart, the landlord, as usual, attended her to the carriage; and after making many congees, and expressing much thanks, hoped he should have the honour of her Grace's company on her return. "Why, I don't know but I may, (said the Duchess, with her usual good humour,) but it

must be upon one condition, that you do not mistake me for your sign."

A gentleman on his travels called his servant to the side of the post-chaise. "Tom, (says he,) here is a guinea which is too light, and I can get nobody to take it, do you see and part with it some how or other on the road." "Yes, Sir, (says the footman,) I will endeavour." When they came to their inn at night, the gentleman called to his servant to know if he had passed off the guinea? "Yes, Sir, (says the man,) I did it sily." "Aye! Tom, (says the master,) I fancy thou art a fly sort of a fellow; but tell me how?" "Why, Sir, (says the footman,) the people refused it at breakfast, and so they did where your honour dined; but as I had a groat to pay at the turnpike, I whipped him in between the halfpence, and the man put it in his pocket, and never saw it."

A French gentleman asked the celebrated Mr. Sterne, when in Paris, if he had found in France no original characters that he could make use of in his *Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*? "No, (replied he,) the French resemble old pieces of coin, whose impression is worn out by rubbing."

Jonathan Durrant, who was tried at the late Norfolk assizes, for privately stealing a bridle from the shop of a saddler, through the humanity of the jury, escaped the consequences of a capital conviction by their bringing in a verdict guilty of stealing only; upon which, he immediately turned round and thanked them for their lenity, at the same time archly adding, "I assure you, gentlemen, I had no use for the bridle, I only meant to touch the bit, but I now find I had very nearly got a halter."

One Collins was stopt in Red-Lion-Street, Clerkenwell, with four hogs that he stole. He attempted to make his escape, but running into a court, through which there was no passage, he was taken and lodged in Clerkenwell Bridewell. "I think, (said he, as he entered,) I have brought my hogs to a fine market."

Some years ago, a farmer, who lived near the seat of a naval Duke, not over fond of close quarters and great guns, made complaint that his Grace and servants rode over his fields, which they considerably damaged; and told his Grace that he was very sorry he should have any reason to complain. The Duke, in a haughty and contemptuous manner, replied, "What do you mean, Sir, by interrupting me in this manner? I and my servants shall ride over them again?" The farmer, astonished at such an unsatisfactory answer, said, "I am very sorry, my Lord Duke, that I must take some method to keep your Grace and servants off:—I'll put a French man of war just at the entrance of the field." The poor Duke rode off without returning any answer.

The Duke of Newcastle, when prime minister, told the Rev. Mr. Sterne one day in conversation, "That men of wit were not fit to be employed, being incapable of business." The wit replied, "They are not incapable, my Lord, but above it; a sprightly generous horse is able to carry a pack-saddle as well as an ass; but he is too good to be put to the drudgery."

Professor Smith, of Glasgow, was enumerating to Dr. Johnson the many fine prospects which were to be seen at Edinburgh and its environs. When he had done, Dr. Johnson said, "I believe you have forgot to mention the best prospect of the whole." "What is that?" said the professor:—"The road from Edinburgh to London."

Lord

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man that had stole a watch, desired the jury to value it at ten-pence ; upon which, the prosecutor cries out, " Ten-pence, my Lord ! why the very fashion of it cost me five pounds." " Oh, (says his Lordship,) we must not hang a man for fashion's sake."

When Columbus, after having discovered the Western hemisphere, was, by order of the King of Spain, brought home from America in chains, the captain of the ship, who was intimately acquainted with his character, his knowledge, and abilities, offered to free him from his fetters, and make his passage as agreeable as possible. But Columbus rejected his friendly offer, saying, " Sir, I thank you ; but these chains are the rewards and honour for my services, from my King, whom I have served as faithfully as my God : and as such I will carry them with me to my grave."

A certain clergyman in the west of England being at the point of death, a neighbouring brother, who had some interest with his patron, applied to him for the next presentation ; upon which the former, who soon recovered, upbraided him with the breach of friendship, and said, " He wanted his death." " No, no, doctor, (says the other,) you mistake ; it was your living I wanted."

A certain genius, who had more wit than prudence, could not avoid observing the great attachment his patron's lady had to the vociferous bawling, vulgarly called scolding ; and in one of his scribbling moods he penned an ode to a vixen, which he thought so good a piece, that he could not refrain shewing it to his friend, who was greatly pleased with the thought, and desired a copy. " Why should you want a copy, Sir, (replied the wit,) when you have been so long in possession of the original."

Lady

Lady H—— one day said to her Lord, who is much attached to reading, “ I wish I was a book, that I might always have your company.” “ Then, (answered he,) I should wish you an almanack, that I might change once a year.”

It is related of Mr. Addison, who, though an elegant writer, was too diffident of himself ever to shine as a public speaker, that at the time of debating the Union Act in the House of Commons, he rose up, and addressing himself to the Speaker, said, “ Mr. Speaker, I conceive”—but could go no farther; then rising again, he said, “ Mr. Speaker, I conceive”—Still unable to proceed, he sat down again. A third time he arose, and was still unable to say any thing more than “ Mr. Speaker, I conceive;” when a certain young member, who was possessed of more effrontery and volubility, arose and said, “ Mr. Speaker, I am very sorry to find that the honourable gentleman over the way has conceived three times, and brought forth nothing.”

Pope Sixtus V. while he was cardinal, feigned himself broken with age and infirmities, and stooped to excess; looking upon this as one probable means of his exaltation to the papal chair. It being observed to him soon after his election, that he carried himself much more erect than he had lately done: “ I was looking for the keys of St. Peter, (said he,) but having found them, I have no longer any occasion to stoop.”

Mr. Pope, who, notwithstanding his diminutive and misshapen figure, was not a little vain of his person, having asked Swift what they thought of him in Ireland? “ Why, (said Swift,) they think you are a very little man, but a very great poet.” Pope retorted with some acrimony, “ They think the very reverse of you in England.”

Colonel Bond, who had been one of King Charles the First's judges, died a day or two before Cromwell; and it was strongly reported every where, that the Protector was dead; "No, (said a gentleman, who knew better,) he has only given Bond to the devil for his further appearance."

A philosopher and a wit were crossing from Harwich to Holland, and a high swell rising, the philosopher seemed under great apprehensions lest he should go to the bottom. "Why, (observed the wit,) that will suit your genius to a tittle; as for my part, you know I am only for skimming the surface of things."

General B—— being at a country play last summer, the entertainment happened to be the Stage Coach, which was acted so wretchedly, that it was impossible to make head or tail of it. As soon as the curtain closed, and one of the performers came to give out the next play, the General begged leave to ask the name of the entertainment just finished. "The Stage Coach, Sir," says Buskin, bowing very respectfully. "O then, Sir, (says the General,) will you be so good to let me know when you perform this again, that I may be an outside passenger."

A clown once took a fancy to hear the Latin disputes of doctors at an university. He was asked what pleasure he could take in viewing such combatants, when he could never know so much as which of the parties had the better? "For that matter, (replied the clown,) I an't such a fool neither, but I can see who's the first that puts t'other in a passion."

Counsellor Howard, a late celebrated Irish lawyer, as remarkable for his brogue, as for his bon-mots, being counsel against a young officer, who was indicted for a
very

very indecent assault, opened the court in the following manner: "My Lord, I am counsel in this cause for the crown, and I am first to acquaint your lordship that this soldier here——," "Stop, Sir, (says the ignorant military hero, who thought he used the word *soldier* as a term of reproach,) I would have you know I am an *officer*." "Oh, Sir! I beg your pardon," says the counsellor, very drily;—"Why then, my Lord, to speak more correctly, this *officer* here, who is no *soldier*—."

A gentleman, who had a numerous family, observing once at a table, that, thank God, he could digest any thing; another asked him how he digested his ten children? "O, Sir, (said the gentleman,) I bring them up."

As Lady B--- L---, now Lady T---, was presiding one evening at a tea-table, one of her ruffles caught the flame of the tea-lamp, and burned before it could be extinguished. Lord M---, who was of the party, and thought to be witty on the accident, remarked, "He did not think her Ladyship so apt to *take fire*." "Nor am I, my Lord, (says she, with great readiness,) from *such sparks* as you."

As Quin and another gentleman were passing one evening through St. Paul's Church-yard, their attention was attracted by a mob of people, who were assembled to hear a man relate, "That there had been a chimney on fire in the Borough; that he had seen, with his own eyes, the engines go, in order to extinguish it; but that it was quite got under before they arrived." Upon seeing the attention of such a concourse of people attracted by so very unentertaining a detail, Mr. Quin and his friend could not help reflecting upon the natural curiosity of Englishmen, which was excited by the most trifling circumstance; and very frequently by no

circumstance at all. "Let us try, (said Quin,) an experiment upon our countrymen's curiosity." This was immediately agreed to; and they accordingly repaired to the opposite side of the church-yard, where, having taken a convenient stand, and staring up to the stone gallery, Quin gravely said, "This is about the time." "Yes, (replied the other, taking out his watch, and looking at it under a lamp,) this was precisely the time it made its appearance last night." They had now collected at least a dozen inquisitive spectators, who, fixing their eyes upon the steeple, asked, "What was to be seen?" To this Mr. Quin replied, "That the ghost of a lady who had been murdered, had been seen to walk round the rails of the stone gallery for some evenings, and that she was expected to walk again to-night." This information was presently spread through the multitude, which, by this time, was augmented to at least a hundred. All eyes were fixed upon the stone gallery, and imagination frequently supplied the place of reality, in making them believe they saw something move on the top of the ballustrade. The joke having thus taken, Quin and his companion withdrew, went and passed the evening at the Half-moon tavern, in Cheap-side, and upon their return, between twelve and one, the crowd still remained in eager expectation of the ghost's arrival.

The death of Mr. Holland, of Drury-lane theatre, who was the son of a baker at Chiswick, had a very great effect upon the spirits of Foote, who had a very warm friendship for him: being a legatee, as well as appointed by the will of the deceased one of his bearers; he attended the corpse to the family vault at Chiswick, and there very sincerely paid a plentiful tribute of tears to his memory. On his return to town, by way of alleviating his grief, he called in at the Bedford coffee-house; when Harry Woodford coming up to him,

him, asked him if he had not been paying the last compliment to his friend Holland? "Yes, poor fellow, (says Foote, almost weeping at the same time,) I have just seen him *shoved* into the *family oven*."

Louis XIV. was told that Lord Stair was one of the best bred men in Europe. I shall soon put that to the test, said the King; and asking Lord Stair to take an airing with him, as soon as the door was opened, he bade him pass and go in. The other bowed, and obeyed. The King said, "The world is in the right in the character it gives. Another person would have troubled me with ceremony."

An English gentleman who slept one night at Voltaire's, begged a book of him, to amuse him when he rose in the morning: on which Voltaire gave him his *Pucelle d'Orleans*; adding, "A virgin in my house is no small rarity."

A few weeks ago, as a gentleman in one of the coffee-houses East of Temple-bar, was reading to a group of city politicians, the late famous speech of Lord Shelburne, in which his lordship expressed his opinion, "That our very women were able to beat back the French, if they should attempt an invasion of this country." A naval gentleman immediately jumped up, and striking his fist against the table, cried, "Right, my boy! I don't doubt it, and I hope to see the day that some of the *Monsieurs* shall receive a sound drubbing from a British ship *manned with women*."

When Mr. S. the late Attorney General of Ireland, was studying the law in the Temple, his circumstances were not the best in the world; he often translated and scribbled for the booksellers, to support a gentleman-like appearance; but, like "Charles Surface, justice

could not keep pace with his generosity," and he was consequently exposed to the insults and pressure of many creditors. Among the rest appeared a very devil, who watched his motions in such a manner, that our good-hearted debtor was obliged to keep his room. As he had many companions, to whom he could not refuse admittance; he had a square hole cut in the door, with a slider, and opposite to it he placed a looking-glass, in such a situation, that on his servant's removing the slider, he could, from a corner of the room, see who called on him, and gave his directions accordingly. A gentleman asked our orator what was his reason for placing the glass in that situation? he archly replied, "That, Sir, is my *dun-ometer*."

A celebrated orator and gambler being in company with the Duchess of Northumberland, he said he had just purchased a beautiful copy of *Paradise Lost*, which he would shew her: after trying both his pockets, he found it had been picked out in his way to Northumberland-house, and he instantly exclaimed, with a significant look at the Duchess, "Bless me, I have lost *Paradise*!" "I have some reason to think you have," (said the Duchess,) but I have a stronger reason to think (instead of Milton's Poem,) your loss is a *pair o' dice*."

Mrs. ———, who had married a husband of great good nature, but a little deficient in point of understanding, was reproached by her brother-in-law, who told her in derision, "that she had coupled herself to a fool." "So has my sister, (says she,) for no man of sense would endeavour to give any woman a mean opinion of her husband."

The King of Prussia, when Voltaire and he were very intimate, wrote Odes entitled *Philosophe sans Soucie*; these he gave to Voltaire to correct and transcribe.

scribe. These two great personages happening to quarrel afterwards, Voltaire expressed himself to a friend in the following bitter words : " I was his old washerwoman, and was sent for only to clean his dirty *sheets* !"

Three young gentlemen of the university of Cambridge went one evening to a coffee-house near St. James's, being recommended to it for the goodness of the wine, particularly old hock ; one of them, who took upon himself to be the wit of the company, ordered the waiter to bring a bottle of " hic, hæc, hoc." However, the waiter paid no attention to his request ; and, upon being called again, was damned for a stupid rascal, and asked the reason why he did not bring the hock. " Really, gentlemen, (said he,) I thought you had *declined* it."

When Dr. Johnson was first patronized by Lord Chesterfield, which was at his Lordship's own particular request, the Doctor called on him one morning, and being thewn into an antichamber, either from the mistake of the footman, or his Lordship's paying a preference to other company, the Doctor was left waiting there for two hours, without his Lordship's appearance. Johnson growing piqued at this neglect, abruptly left the house, and from that hour resolved to break off all acquaintance with him. Some time after this, Lord Chesterfield endeavoured all he could to regain Johnson's friendship, by writing two essays in favour of his Dictionary, in a periodical paper then publishing, called " The World," as well as by other indirect solicitations ; but all in vain. Johnson was not only resolved, but wrote his Lordship word so, in a very remarkable letter ; wherein, with great dignity and philosophic pride, he begged leave to be dismissed his patronage and acquaintance. Some time after this, a noble Lord met the Doctor in Doddsley's shop, who beginning the conversation,

versation, asked him how he could desert a man who had been so *serviceable* to him, in the public encouragement he gave his Dictionary, as Lord Chesterfield was? "Serviceable to me, my Lord! (says the Doctor,) in no respect whatsoever: I had been for years sailing round the world of literature, and just as I was getting into the Chops of the Channel, his Lordship sends out two *little cock-boats*, more to partake of my triumphs, than to pilot me into harbour. No, no, my Lord, Chesterfield may be a *wit amongst lords*, but I fancy he is no more than a *lord amongst wits*."

Some years ago, Dr. Johnson being in company with Foote, the emigration of the Scotch to London became the subject of conversation. Foote insisted that the emigrants were as numerous in the former, as in the present reign; the doctor the contrary. This dispute continued with a friendly warmth for some time, when Johnson called out, "You are certainly in the wrong, Sam;" but I see how you are deceived; you cannot distinguish them now as formerly, for the fellows all come breeched to the capital of late years."

Voltaire, when he grew very old, would talk daily of what writers would say after his death. "The Conversion of Monsieur de Voltaire on his Death-bed, (he would say,) cooked up by some Jesuit, will be a most delicious morsel for the Paris booksellers; and the rascals will pick up many a good meal from off my bones, bare as I am."

Foote, who could never keep any very valuable article long out of a pawnbroker's hands, was made a present of a very handsome service of plate, which he exhibited a few days after to a splendid company who dined with him at North-End. One of the noblemen was particularly smitten with the fashion of it, and begged

begged to know what it cost him. "Upon my word, (replied the wit,) I cannot answer that question; but if your Lordship will favour me with a visit in a few days, I can tell you pretty near what it is worth."

The late Lord Chesterfield happened to be at a route in France, where Voltaire was one of the guests. Chesterfield seemed gazing about the brilliant circle of the ladies; Voltaire accosted him, "My Lord, I know you are a judge, which are more beautiful, the English or the French ladies?" "Upon my word, (replied his Lordship,) with his usual presence of mind, I am no connoisseur of paintings." Some time after this, Voltaire being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's route with Lord Chesterfield; a lady in company, prodigiously painted, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engrossed his conversation; Chesterfield came up, tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Sir, take care you are not captivated." "My Lord, (replied the wit,) I scorn to be taken by an English bottom under French colours."

The people of Terracona, in Spain, sending to inform Augustus, as an happy omen, that a laurel had grown out of an altar they had erected to him; he answered: "Ay, it appears how often you sacrifice."

Dr. Johnson being one night at Drury-lane theatre, to see Mr. Garrick play Macbeth; in one of the most interesting scenes of the play, he and the whole company in the box where he sat were interrupted by the impertinence of a young man of fashion, who insisted on having a place, though none was kept for him: the disturbance continued until the end of the act; when the Doctor, turning about with great contempt, cried, "Pshaw, Sir, how can you be so mistaken? *Your place is in the shilling gallery.*"

The

The King of Naples interferes so much in the amusements of the Neapolitan court, that he superintends the management of the opera himself. His Majesty invited some English gentlemen to be present at the rehearsal; when he took occasion to enquire of one of them how the King of England employed his mornings? "Sire, (replied the gentlemen,) in arranging plans for the conduct of his navy, and reviewing his army." "Very well, Sir, (says his Majesty,) so do I: this is my navy, and this is my army," pointing to different groups of dancers. "And who are these?" added the gentleman, noticing some gigantic castrators. "O, (replies his Majesty,) those are the *neutral powers*!"

Mr. T—— T——d being in company some weeks ago with the Westminster orator, and some other parliamentary friends, was talking of the debates last winter in the House of Commons, and observed that Mr. F—x had never been oftener on his legs in any one session, "True, (replied Charles, who loves to joke on his own misfortunes,) for the Jews left me not a chair to sit on."

Domitian used to shut himself up, in order to hunt flies, his favourite diversion. One asking, if any body was with Cæsar, Vibius Crispus answered, "Not even a fly."

Lord Northington being much afflicted with the gout during his chancellorship, it happened on a birthday, soon after his Majesty's accession, that he was taken so ill, as to send Lady N— (who, by the bye, was no Solomon,) to court in his stead. On her return, she was telling that the King had asked her, who built Grange? (the seat of the Lord Chancellor.) "And who did you say?" replied my Lord. "Why, I told him it was *Indigo Jones*." "Well, and what did

did the K—g say?" continued he. "Why, he said, he thought as how it was *Indigo Jones*, by the style." Upon this his Lordship set up a hearty laugh, which his lady interpreting to be from some mistake of her's, begged to know whether she had not informed his Majesty right?" "O, (says the other in his usual blunt way,) perfectly so, Kate; I was only laughing to think which of you was the greatest f—l."

A soldier saying, at Thermopylæ, that the arrows of the Barbarians were so numerous as to hide the sun: "Then, (said Leonidas,) we shall have the great advantage of fighting in the shade."

When Xerxes wrote to Leonidas to surrender his arms; he only returned, "Come and take them."

The late Doctor Glover, well known for being one of the best companions in the world, was returning from a tavern one morning early, across Covent-garden, when a chairman cried out, "A chair! your honour, a chair!" Glover took no notice, but called his dog, who was a good way behind, "Scrub, Scrub, Scrub." "Och, by J—s! (says the chairman,) there goes a pair of you."

A porter going to Mr. Blast's house one day with a load upon his back, said to a gentleman that he met in the Haymarket: "Pray, your Honour, can you tell me where Mr. Blast lives?" "Mr. Blast? Blast did you say?" replied the gentleman. "Yes, *Blast*, your Honour," said the porter. This odd connection of words, though not intended to give any offence, so irritated the gentleman, that he not only refused to give the porter information, but in a rage, gave him a hearty drubbing with his cane.

Few men would succeed in their gallantries if the women were always to conduct themselves with the prudence of the lady, who being urged by her lover to consent to his happiness; answered him as follows: "When I was about to be married, I took the advice of my parents; now that I am married, I obey my husband's: go, therefore, to him; make your proposal, and if he consents, be assured that I shall have no objection."

A certain author had a child born one morning, and published a volume of his writings the next; which gave an opportunity to his wife to observe, that his attention, no doubt, would be devoted to the first born, though least meritorious; "You, my dear, have introduced into the world a child of letters, and I have introduced a blockhead, that takes more pleasure in eating and drinking, than all the sciences put together can convey to his imagination; what your child will earn through his knowledge of letters, mine will spend lavishly in the nursery of ignorance."

Marcus Livius, after Fabius Maximus had retaken Tarentum, boasted, that Fabius could not have retaken it but for his assistance, who commanded the citadel. "True, (said Fabius,) if you had not lost it, I could never have retaken it."

A law-suit arose in an university, upon the point, Whether the doctors in law, or the doctors in medicine, should hold the precedence? The judge asked the council, Whether it was usual for the thief or the hangman to walk first at an execution? Being answered, That the thief always walked first. "Then, (said the judge,) let the doctors in law have the precedence; and let the doctors in medicine be next in rank."

In one of the late exhibitions of the Royal Academy, there was a fine whole length painting of Mr. Garrick in Richard the Third, which was universally allowed to be the best likeness of that incomparable actor yet done. One morning as Mr. Garrick was going down stairs from the exhibition room, he was met by a nobleman of his acquaintance, who asked him how he did? "Why, faith, my Lord," (replied Garrick,) but *so-so* this morning; but if your Lordship will walk up stairs, you will see me as *well* as ever I was in my life."

Catullus saying to Philip the orator, "Dog, why do you bark?" was answered, "Because I see a thief?"

When a certain orator had made, as he thought, a moving harangue, he asked Catullus, "Have I excited pity!" "Yes, (said Catullus,) very great!"

Caius Lælius being reproached by a person of low birth, that he was unworthy of his race; answered, "By Hercules, you are worthy of yours!"

Of two brothers, one served the king, the other toiled hard for his food. The former saying to the latter, "Why do you not serve the king, and get rid of your toil?" Was answered, "Why do not you toil, and get rid of your slavery?"

Sir Francis Blake Delaval, having married an extreme ugly lady, though very rich, was asked by his friends, how he could think of marrying so ordinary a woman? "Look ye, (said he,) I bought her by *weight*, and paid nothing for *fashion*."

The Duke Philip of Borgona said, "Of great lords
I speak

“speak neither well nor ill; because, if you speak well, you lye; and if ill, you are in danger.”

A gentleman who assisted the Count de Cabra in putting on his armour before a battle, perceiving him tremble, asked, what could cause this emotion in a man of such known bravery? The Count answered, “My flesh trembles at the dangers into which my soul will lead it.”

Brother Barnardina Palomo said, that wine has two losses, “If you put it in water, you lose your wine; and if not, you lose yourself.”

The King Don Ferdinand lodged one night in the castle of Montilla, which Don Alonso de Aguilar had furnished with much magnificence. The king going up a stair-case too narrow for so grand a house, asked, why he had so little a stair-case? “Sir, (said Don Alonso, “I never expected to have so great a guest.”

A king saying to a dervise, “Do you never think of me?” was answered, “Yes: but it is when I forget God.”

A person came to beg the loan of fifty ducats from the schoolmaster of Toledo, founder of the College of Saint Catharine, who sent for a purse of reals, and gave them to him. The borrower took them, and put them in his pocket without counting them. The schoolmaster observing this, asked for the purse, that he might see there was the sum; but, returning it into his chest, said, “A man who borrows without counting, can never mean to repay.”

A certain bishop had a Biscayan man-servant, whom he ordered one festival to go to a butcher, who was called

called David, for a piece of meat, and then come to church, where the bishop was to preach. The bishop, in his sermon, bringing authorities from the scripture in this manner: *Isaiah says thus: Jeremiah says thus:* at last happening to turn towards the door, as his servant came in, went on, *And what says David?* Upon which, the Biscayan roared out, "He swears to God, that if you do not pay your bill, you need never send to his shop any more."

Antimachus the poet, reading his verses, was left by all his hearers save Plato, to whom he said, "I shall proceed nevertheless; Plato is himself an audience."

A girl, being deflowered, was bitterly reproached by her confessor, who said she had lost a treasure never to be regained. "Ah, (said she,) how difficult it is to keep this treasure, when every clown has a key to it?"

Two scholars being in a tavern, fell a talking, in presence of their host, of the great Platonic year; in which, they said, after thirty thousand years, every thing shall revert to its former state. The host seemed much pleased with the novelty of the idea, one of them said to the landlord, that, seeing every thing was, in thirty thousand years, to revert to its present condition, they hoped he would trust them till then, and they would pay him most faithfully. The host, who was a shrewd fellow, replied, "Gentlemen, I will trust you with all my heart; but, as thirty thousand years ago, you must have been just this sum in my debt, I must insist on being paid that first."

The Archbishop of Toledo standing at a window, and seeing a clown beat his ass most unmercifully, opened the casement, and called out, "Have done, have done, you scoundrel, else I shall have you whipt."

The clown answered, " Your pardon, good master ; I did not know my afs had friends at court."

Lady C—, walking in St. James's Park with a young lady, a novice in affairs of love ; the young lady, on seeing Lord C— coming up, dressed *à la mode de Paris*, and displaying a number of fantastical airs, exclaimed, " Lord ! Lady C—, what a charming angelic man." " Never, (says the literary wit,) never, my dear girl, judge of the *piece* by the *drapery*."

Lord Shelburne, passing through one of the streets at the west end of the town in a coach, with two friends ; one of them cried, " There goes Charles Fox." " And in boots," says the other. " Tut, man, (replied his Lordship, with his usual vivacity,) how could he be otherwise, when you know *Townshend is in his shoes* ?"

A remarkable eater, who piqued himself upon devouring as much as six other men could manage, was brought before Henry IV. expecting that monarch would make him a present to keep his chops a going. The king, who had heard of this hero of the platter, asked him, if it was true that he could eat as much as six ? " Yes, Sir," answered he. " And do you work in proportion ?" added the king. " Sire, (replied he,) I work as much as any other of my strength and age." " Get along, (exclaimed the king,) had I six such as thee in my kingdom, I should cause them all to be hanged, to prevent a famine."

James the Second, when he was Duke of York, took it into his head to visit Milton, merely out of curiosity. In the course of their conversation, the Duke asked Milton, " Whether he did not think the loss of his sight was a judgment upon him for what he had writ against his father, Charles I.?" Our immortal bard made

made the following reply : “ If your Highness thinks that the calamities which befall us here, are indications of the wrath of Heaven, in what manner are we to account for the fate of the king, your father ? the displeasure of Heaven must, upon this supposition, have been much greater against *him* than *me* ; for I have only lost my *eyes*, but he lost his *head*.”

Monf. de Voltaire, as he was writing his tragedy of *Merope*, one day called his footman, at three o'clock in the morning, and gave him some verses to carry immediately to the Sieur Paulin, who played the part of the *tyrant* in that play. The servant excusing himself, under a pretence that it was the hour of sleep. “ Go, I say, (continued Voltaire,) tyrants never sleep.”

At Mr. Fordyce's sale, at Roehampton, Foote, who attended almost every day, bought nothing but a pillow ; on which a gentleman asked him, “ What particular use he could have for a single pillow ? ” “ Why, (says Foote,) to tell you the truth, I do not sleep very well at night, and I am sure this must give me many a good nap, when the proprietor of it (though he *owed so much*) could sleep upon it.”

Doctor P—, an Irish parson, and a remarkable ordinary man in his person, having a neat parsonage house, very curiously furnished, was one day shewing it to Dr. Berkeley, the celebrated Bishop of Cloyne. “ Well, my Lord, (says the Doctor, after they had returned to the dining-parlour,) you see what a nice marriage-trap I have got here.” “ Why, yes, Doctor, (says the Bishop, looking him full in the face,) I see you have ; but I am afraid you will not find a lady that will relish the *bait*.”

Some time after the late Lord Waldegrave abjured

the Catholic religion, he was sent ambassador to France, where he resided several years. Being one day at an entertainment where his cousin, the Duke of Berwick, and many other noblemen were present; the Duke wanting to mortify him on the score of religion, asked his Lordship, "Whether the ministers of state, or the ministers of the gospel, had the greatest share in his conversation?" "Good God! my Lord Duke, how can you ask me such a question? do not you know, that when I quitted the Roman Catholic religion, I left off *confession*?"

A witty divine receiving an invitation to dinner, wrote on the *ten of hearts*, by a young lady of great beauty, merit, and fortune. This the gentleman thought a good opportunity to give the lady a distant hint of his hopes; he wrote therefore the following lines on the same card, and returned it by her own servant:

Your compliments, lady, I pray now forbear,
For old English service is much more sincere;
You've sent me *ten hearts*, but the *tythe's* only mine,
So give me *one heart*, and take back t'other nine.

The first night that Mr. Diamond made his appearance at Drury-lane theatre, Lady Spencer was observing to Sir G. W——n, who sat near her, what a number of Jews were in the house. "O Lord! madam, (says Sir George,) I do not wonder at that; consider, they are assembled to try the value of a *Diamond*."

The Emperor Nero said of a thieving servant, "That he was so honest, nothing was under key to him."

When Wilkinson, the celebrated comedian, first appeared on the stage, he applied himself principally to mimicry, which he succeeded in so well, as to meet with almost universal applause. Amongst the various characters

characters he took off was Luke Sparkes, the player, who felt it so powerfully, that he made a formal complaint to Mr. Garrick. Garrick, who himself smarted under the lash of the mimick, laughed it off, and said, "Come, come, Luke, you had better take no notice of it: consider, if you are mimicked, it is in good company." "Very true, Sir, (says Luke,) very gravely; but I have known many a man ruined by keeping *good company*."

Lord B——e, asked Dr. Johnson, why he hated the Scotch so much? The cynic replied, "You are mistaken, my Lord, I do not hate the Scotch; neither do I hate frogs, provided they keep in their *native element*; but I do not like to have them hopping about my bed-chamber."

The Marquis de Grancé, returning from the army, all covered with dust, and in a mean dress, went to the Louvre to pay his court to the prince. Two Marshalls of France, meeting him in the antichamber, said to him, "Bless us! what a pickle you are in! You look like a waggoner." "Yes, (answered he,) and ready to exercise my whip upon you, if you please."

Monsieur de Vivonne, who was general of the expedition against Messina, writing from that place to the king, closed his letter in these words: *To finish the affair, we only want ten thousand men*. He gave his letter to seal to Du Terron, commissioner for the army, who was bold enough to add, *and a general*.

A bishop was consumed with the desire of being a cardinal. He envied the good health of his treasurer, and said, "How do you manage to be always well, while I am always ill?" The treasurer answered, "My

“ My Lord, the reason is, that you have always a hat in your head ; and I have always my head in a hat.”

An Abbé, who was a celebrated preacher, but of no severity of manners, being censured for making the morality of his sermons too rigid, answered, “ I use that plan in order that my auditors may have so much to blame in their own lives, that they shall have no leisure to reflect on mine.”

An ignorant judge, hearing a counsellor cite the Acts of the Apostles, asked him, what these acts were ? The counsellor answered, “ They are acts that were passed in the parliament at Jerusalem.”

Henry IV. being much enamoured of Madame d’Entranges, asked her, one day, which was the way to her chamber ? *Through the church, Sir*, answered she.

A girl said to her young lover, I shall grant you all you ask, after you have given me what you have not ; what you cannot have ; and yet may give me—A husband.

A courtier being suspected of impotency, and always denying the charge, met Benferade, who had often rallied him on it, and said, “ My good Sir, notwithstanding your precious wit, my wife was yesterday brought to bed.” “ What then ? (said Benferade,) nobody accused your wife.”

A young Lady at Chichester was playing at What is it Like, in company where was present an old lady of venerable character, named Boucher : she likened the thing thought on to Mrs. Boucher’s stick. It proved to be the History of Pamela. “ The History of Pamela,

mela, (said she,) is like Mrs. Boucher's stick, because it is the support of virtue."

A lieutenant-colonel in one of the Irish regiments in the French service was dispatched by the Duke of Berwick, from fort Kehl, to the King of France, with a complaint relating to some irregularities that had happened in the regiment. His majesty, with some emotion of mind, told him that the Irish troops gave him more uneasiness than all his forces besides. "Sir, (says the officer,) all your Majesty's enemies make the same complaint."

Lord N— exulting over C. F. on the news in an Extraordinary Gazette, of New York being conquered; the patriotic wit replied, "It is a mistake, Sir; New York is not conquered; it is only, like the Ministry—*abandoned.*"

A prince rallying the fatness of a courtier, who had served him in many embassies, said, he looked like an ox. "I know not, (said the courtier,) what I am like: but I know that I often had the honour to represent your Majesty."

One Mr. Ash, who was himself a famous punster, in Ireland, coming into an inn, desired the landlord to lend him a hand to pull off his great coat: "Indeed, Sir, (said he,) I dare not." "Dare not, (replied the other,) what do you mean by that?" "You know, Sir, (answered he,) there is an act of Parliament *against the stripping of Ash.*"

At the last coronation, a gentleman paid six guineas for a seat in Westminster-abbey; the instant the king entered, he turned to a gentleman beside him, and protested he was the greatest fool in Britain. "Indeed!" (said

(said the gentleman,) how so, Sir?" "Why, Sir, I have paid six guineas for a seat here; when his Majesty, who can much better afford it, comes in for a crown!"

A Gascon officer, who had served under Henry IV. without receiving any pay for a considerable time, came to the king, and confidently said to him, "Sir, three words with your Majesty, Money or Discharge." "Four with you, (answered his Majesty,) Neither one nor t'other."

King James I. mounting a horse that was unruly, cried, "The deel tak my saul, firrah, an ye be na quiet, I'll send ye to the five hundred kings in the House o' Commons. They'll sune tame ye."

A gentleman, of the name of Addison, after spending the evening with several good fellows, became at length so much intoxicated as to be unable to speak, and, reclining his head on a table, fell into a sound sleep; on which one of the company, who sat opposite, remarked, that their friend, Mr. Addison, was at present neither a *Tatler*, nor a *Spectator*, but might speedily want a *Guardian*.

The late Colonel Chartres, reflecting on his ill life and character, told a certain nobleman, "That if such a thing as a good name was to be purchased, he would freely give ten thousand pounds for one." The nobleman said, "It would certainly be the worst you ever laid out in your life." "Why so?" said the Colonel. "Because, (answered the Lord,) you would forfeit it again in less than a week."

A certain member of parliament having heard many speeches in the house, to the great applause of the speaker,

speaker, grew ambitious of rising to rival glory by his oratory ; and accordingly watched for a favourable opportunity to open. At length an occasion presented itself : it was on a motion being made in the house for enforcing the execution of some statute ; on which public-spirited motion, the orator in embryo rose solemnly up, and after giving three loud hems, spoke as follows : “ Mr. Speaker—have we laws, or have we not laws ? —If we have laws, and they are not observed, to what end were those laws made ? ” So saying, he sat himself down, his chest heaving high with conscious consequence ; when another rose up, and delivered his thoughts in these words : “ Mr. Speaker—did the honourable gentleman who spoke last, speak to the purpose, or not speak to the purpose ? If he did not speak to the purpose, to what purpose did he speak ? ” Which à-propos reply set the whole house in such a fit of laughter, as discouraged the young orator from ever attempting to speak again.

The late Duke of Cumberland was a remarkable fine boy, but very sullen. The late queen, his mother, being angry with him one day, ordered him to his chamber. Soon after he returned, and the queen asked him, what he had been doing ? “ Reading the New Testament,” answered he, peevishly. “ What part ? ” says the queen. He answered, “ Where it is said, Woman, why troublest thou me ? ”

Lord Hunsdon, in queen Elizabeth’s time, said, “ To have the courage to observe an affront, is to be even with an adversary. To have the patience to forgive it, is to be above him.”

A good friar preaching upon the power of God, said he had created nothing but what was perfect in its kind. A hunch-back wag waiting for him at the door, said,

said, " Father, I thank you for your sermon : but do you really think that I, for instance, am perfect in my kind ?" " Yes, (said the father, gravely,) a perfect hunch-back, surely."

When Marshal Villars was past fourscore, he gave a signal instance of courage and vivacity, in attacking some squadrons of Imperial horse, with the King of Sardinia's guards. That monarch telling him, that he lost the experienced general in the ardour of a young officer; the Marshal answered, " Lamps are apt to sparkle when they are expiring."

A sharper of the town, seeing a country gentleman sit alone at an inn, and thinking something might be made of him, went and sat near him. Having thus introduced himself, he called for a paper of tobacco, and said, " Do you smoke, Sir ?" " Yes, (said the gentleman, very gravely,) any one that has a design upon me."

Sandys, a gentleman of a bold spirit and wit, being examined before the House of Commons; Lenthall, then speaker, put some ridiculous and impertinent questions to him. At last he asked, " What countryman he was ?" " Of Kent, (says Sandys; adding) and now, Sir, may I demand the same of you ?" " I am out of the West," says Lenthall. " By my troth, (answered Sandys,) so I thought, for all the wise men come out of the East."

Some gentlemen at Nando's, the other day, were conversing on the increasing neglect in most writers of that necessary part of composition, *punctuation*. It was remarked, that the omission began with the long robe, who never use any stops in their writings. A third person added, that he would not say any thing to their using
commas,

commas, semicolons, or colons; but he had sufficient authority to say there was no *period* to their works.

Now selling off at prime cost; the remaining stock in trade of an eminent clergyman leaving off business, and retiring to a b—p—k; consisting of a complete set of manuscript sermons for the whole year, with fasts and festivals, including a deification of King Charles for the thirtieth of January; a culverin charged and primed for the 5th of November, with a rod for the whore of Babylon; the sins of the whole nation described, in a discourse fit for the next solemn fast; charity, accession, antigallican, and small-pox sermons, some half finished tracts against the Athanasian creed, the marriage-act, and the 39 articles, with many other valuable pieces. The whole to be viewed at the time of sale, which will begin at twelve o'clock.

N. B. Likewise will be sold the doctor's curious reading desk, in which is a contrivance for keeping his new cribbage-board, tinder-box, and bible.

Sir Thomas More, on the day that he was beheaded, had a barber sent to him, because his hair was long, which it was thought would make him more pitied by the people. The barber came to him, and asked him, "Whether he would please to be trimmed?" "In good faith, honest fellow, (said Sir Thomas,) the king and I have a suit for my head; and till the title be cleared, I will do no cost upon it."

When Oliver first coined his money, an old cavalier looking upon one of the new pieces, read this inscription on one side, *God with us*: on the other, *The Commonwealth of England*. "I see, (said he,) God and the Commonwealth are on different sides."

Tom Burnet happening to be at dinner at my Lord
K Mayor's,

Mayor's, in the latter part of Queen Anne's reign; after two or three healths, the ministry were toasted; but when it came to Tom's turn to drink, he diverted it for some time, by telling a story to a person who sat next him. The chief magistrate of the city, not seeing his toast go round, called out, "Gentlemen, where sticks the ministry?" "At nothing," says Tom, and so drank off his glass.

It is well known that the celebrated monarch, Charles the Fifth, who, from the extensiveness of his dominions, and the rapidity of his conquests, projected nothing less than an universal monarchy, at last grew sick, not only of this vain pursuit, but relinquished his crown, and with it all earthly grandeur, to retire to the monastery of St. Just, where he ended his days in the most exemplary line of mortification. The day when he went in his turn to wake the novices, at the hour of matins; one of them, who did not choose to be so early disturbed out of a sound sleep, pretended not to hear him. The devotion of Charles, however, would take no excuse: he continued shaking him, till the novice found it was impossible to feign any longer; then bouncing out of his bed, he exclaimed, "What the devil! have you not troubled the repose of the world long enough already, without coming here to disturb that of a peaceable man who has forsaken it?"

In a Christmas party at Euston, consisting of the Duke of G——n, Lord B——b——e, George Selwyn, and a country Squire, whose wife had lately eloped; the latter was one day, after dinner, extolling for a long time the fine fair for horned cattle he had on his estate; when Selwyn, heartily tired of such conversation, proposed cards. "Stop a-while, (says the Duke,) I expect Sir Charles Bunbury here presently." "Do

you so? (says Selwyn, flapping the 'Squire, who sat next to him, upon the back,) why then, my friend, we shall have a *horned fair* of our own."

When the Earl of Stair was ambassador in Holland, he made frequent entertainments, to which the foreign ambassadors were constantly invited, not excepting the ambassador of France, with which nation we were upon the point of breaking: in return the Abbe de Ville, the French resident, as constantly invited the English and Austrian ambassadors, upon the like occasions. The Abbe was a man of vivacity, and withal was remarkable for a quaintness, in which he took great pride; agreeable to this humour, he one day proposed a health in these terms, *The rising sun, my master*; alluding to the motto of Lewis XIV. which was pledged by the whole company: it came then to the Baron de Reischbach's turn to give a health, and he, to countenance the Abbe, and to please him, proposed, *The moon and fixed stars*, in compliment to his mistress the Empress Queen, which was greatly applauded: and when it came to the Earl's turn, the eyes of all the company were turned upon him; but as that nobleman, whose presence of mind was never wanting upon ordinary as well as great occasions, drank to his master by the name of *Joshua the Son of Nun*, who made the *sun* and *moon* to *stand still*.

New mode of punishing Adultery. A country gentleman, who had visited London only for winter amusements, being well assured that his wife was carrying on an intrigue with a certain Major, laid the following plan, which was put in execution: He went seemingly to Maidstone for a few days, but returning on the night of the morning he departed, he found the happy pair locked in each others arms. He did not, however, challenge the adulterer to single combat, as is some-

times the custom, but he caused him and the adulteress to be handcuffed and fettered by the legs in bed together, and yoked by the neck down to the bedstead. In this situation, having decently covered them, he sent to their intimate friends and acquaintance, and ushered them into the room, pointing out the modern Mars and Venus with great philosophic composure, and asking each, if "this was not a sorry sight?" This kind of bed-room visiting was continued for four days, during which time he allowed the lovers nothing but bread and water.

A clergyman in an inland county, lately concluded his sermon with the following words: "Brethren, next Friday is my Tythe-day, and those who bring the Tythes on that day, which are my due, shall be rewarded with a good dinner; but those who do not, may depend, that on Saturday, they will dine upon a lawyer's letter."

During the troubles in the reign of King Charles the First, a country girl came up to London in search of a place, as a servant maid: but not succeeding, she applied herself to carrying out beer from a brew-house, and was one of those then called tub-women. The brewer, observing a well-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant; and after a while, she behaving herself with much prudence and decorum, he married her; but he died when she was yet a young woman, and left her a large fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped, and the young woman was recommended to Mr. Hyde, as a gentleman of skill in the law, to settle her husband's affairs. Hyde, (who was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon) finding the widow's fortune very considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II.

James II. and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.

A very young officer striking an old grenadier of his company for some supposed fault in performing his evolutions, was unable to reach any higher than his legs. The grenadier, upon his infantine assault, gravely took off his cap, and holding it over the officer by the tip, said, "Sir, if you were not my officer, I would extinguish you."

The following curious advertisement appeared some time ago in one of the Irish news-papers :

"Whereas Ann Molloy, alias Hinton, my wife, has absconded from *my lawful bed*, with Phil. M^cNemara, a *bandy-legged itinerant dancing-master*, whose *only powers* are confined to the *Irish jig*, or *Rinka Moneen*. I caution the public against giving her *sixpence* worth on my account, as I'll never pay it, on account of her leaving me and my poor child, *without cause*, as the *neighbours can tell*, who knew me since I was the height of a *hand turf*, to be *honest*, and a MAN. She has besides vilified and belied me, which is *well known to be a lie*, by people who *knew me before she did*. I'll have *revenge* of her and her *galloper*, if justice is to be gotten from *judge or jury*?"

his
DARBY X MOLLOY.
mark.

Swift, while at Oxford, had penned some verses, which he submitted to the inspection of Dryden, in hopes of gaining his approbation. But the answer he received from that celebrated author, was, "I would advise you, young man, to pursue some other studies : for, depend upon it, you will never make a poet."

This answer Swift never forgave ; and to this may be attributed

attributed that severity with which he treated his discouraging adviser ever afterwards.

Such is the intelligence gained from one of the first literary characters of the age, which at once opens the source of Swift's severity in his *Battle of the Books*, and several other pieces towards Dryden.

A bishop of Lincoln had "FIAT LUX" painted in all the windows of his house; and so thick in his hall as to make it very dark. A mad scholar coming thither, and observing the opacity of the light, because of the motto, fell a breaking the windows with his stick. A servant carries him before his lord, who asked him the cause of such outrage. "To fulfil your wish, my Lord, FIAT LUX."

Oliver Cromwell, while carrying on war in Scotland, was riding near Glasgow, at the head of a body of horse; a Scotch soldier, planted on an high wall, took the opportunity to fire at him, but missed him. Oliver, without slackening or drawing his rein, turned round, and said, "Fellow, if any trooper of mine had missed such a mark, he should have an hundred lashes." He did not even order the man to be seized, and he made his escape. A rare example of true courage!

Chancellor Northington, Easter Term, 3. Geo. III. This cause was introduced to Lord Talbot, when the plaintiff was a fine florid virgin; and when she arrived to the age of maturity, was brought before Lord Hardwick, at a time when he had nothing to introduce to her. Now she is in a state of decrepitude, you, with great impropriety, bring her to me, who am halting on my crutches. I shall take compassion on the good old lady, and dismiss her the court. Let the bill be dismissed, Call the next cause.

Original

Original Letter from the Chief Magistrate of a certain Corporation.

“ Dear Sur,

On munday next I am to be made a *Mare*, and shall be much obliged to you if so be as you will send me down by the coach some provisions fetting for the occasion, as I am to ax my brother, the old *Mare*, and the rest of the benth.

I am, Sur, &c.”

A Wag, into whose hands it fell, wrote the following answer :

“ Sir,

In obedience to your order, have sent you per coach two bushels of the best oats, and as you are to treat the old *Mare*, have added bran to make a mash.”

A very devout fellow, not being able to please his nice piety, in his prayers, used only to repeat the alphabet, then add, *O Lord God, put these letters into syllables ; these syllables into words ; and these words into sentences, that may be most for my real good.*

The Bellman of Hexam's invitation to a Funeral :

“ Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord. Joseph Dixon is departed, son of Christopher Dixon was. Their company is desired to-morrow, at five o'clock, and at six he is to be bu-ri-ed. For him, and all faithful people, give God most hearty thanks.”

A profligate young nobleman, being in company with some sober people, desired leave to toast the Devil. The gentleman who sat next him, said, “ He had no objection to any of his Lordship's friends.”

A gentleman, the first time of his coming to Bath, was very extravagantly charged for every thing by the persons

persons in whose house he lodged, as well as by others whom he had occasion to deal with ; of which, some time after, complaining to Beau Nash, " Sir, (replied the latter,) they have acted towards you on truly Christian principles." " How so ?" says the man. " Why, (returned Nash,) you was a stranger, and they *took you in.*"

LOST.

Supposed to be stolen from a boarding-school near Turnham Green, a beautiful young lady, aged 16, daughter of the late Earl of Froth, and heiress to £. 20,000, independent of her mother's jointure. She was observed to walk in the back garden after dinner with Mr. Allemand the dancing-master, and is supposed to have made her escape with him through the yew hedge. She took nothing with her but her mistress's dram bottle out of the best china closet, the first volume of *Virtue rewarded*, *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, and the *Marriage Service* torn out of the *Common Prayer Book*. They are supposed to be gone to Scotland.

The oath used among the Highlanders, in judicial proceedings, contains a most solemn denunciation of vengeance, in case of perjury, and involves the wife and children, the arable and meadow land, of the party who takes it, all together in an abyss of destruction. When it is administered, there is no book to be kissed ; but the right hand is held up while the oath is repeated. To prove the superior idea of sanctity which this imprecation conveys to those who have been accustomed to it, it may be sufficient to relate the expression of a Highlander, who, at the Carlisle assizes, had sworn positively, in the English mode, to a fact of consequence. His indifference during that solemnity having been observed by the opposite party, he was required to confirm

confirm his testimony by taking the oath of his own country to the same. "No, no, (said the mountaineer, in the Northern dialect,) ken ye not thar is a hantle o' difference, 'twixt bla-ing on a buke, and domming one's ain faul?"

Two scholars being one day at table with Bishop Eaton, a fat goose was set down; and the bishop ordered it to be put before the scholars, and said "Be your own carvers, while I attend to the rest of the company." The bishop afterwards asked if they had done with the goose yet? "Yes, my Lord, (cried one,) the goose is *Eaten*."

King James I. once went out of his way to hear a noted preacher. The clergyman seeing the King enter, left his text to declaim against swearing, for which the King was notorious. When done, James thanked him for his sermon, but asked, what connection swearing had with it? He answered, "Since your Majesty came out of your way, I could not do less than go out of mine to meet you."

A Copy of an Advertisement drawn by Mr. M—, Mayor of Cambridge, and inserted in the News-paper.

"Whereas a multiplicity of dangers are oftentimes occurred by damage of outrageous accidents by fire, We, whose names are hereunder fixed, have thought proper that the benefit of an engine bought by us for the better extinguishing of which by the providence of Almighty God may unto us happen to make a rate to gather benevolence for the better propagating such useful instruments."

A gentleman talking to a fisherman one day at Brighton, asked him whether the Prince of Wales ever went to church? "Lord, please your Honour, (said the

the fisherman,) what should he go to church for? we poor souls are obliged to pray for ourselves, but there are enough to pray for him."

Cardinal Richelieu procured a pension of two thousand livres to M. Vaugelas, who was employed in the Dictionary of the Academy. Vaugelas going to see him, the Cardinal said, "Well, Sir, you will not at least forget the word *Pension* in your dictionary." "No, my Lord, (said Vaugelas,) nor that of *Gratitude*."

A silly priest, at Trumpington, being to read the passage, "Eli, Eli, Lamasabac'hani, began to consider with himself, that it might be ridiculous and absurd for him to read it as it stood, because he was vicar of Trumpington, and not of Ely: and therefore he read it, "Trumpington, Trumpington, Lamasabac'hani."

King Charles the Second, after the Restoration, told Waller, the poet, that he had made better verses, and said finer things of Cromwell than of him. "That may very well be, (replied Waller,) for poets generally succeed better in imaginary things than in real ones."

A friend of the late Alderman Townshend's meeting him after an absence of some years, in addressing the Alderman, said, "he believed he had the honour to speak to Alderman Townshend." To which, with a great deal of politeness, the Alderman replied, "his name was Townshend; but the honours he must beg leave to divide."

An idle Count and an idle Abbé being in company together, the Count hearing the word Abbé always bandying about, was piqued, and asked the Abbé where his

his abbey lay? The Abbé replied, "Bless me, do you not know it? It is in your county."

Joannes Scotus, an Irishman, being in company with Charles the Bald, king of France, that monarch merrily said, "What is the difference between a Scot and a Sot?" Scotus, who sat opposite to the King, said, "Only the breadth of the table."

A gentleman calling for small-beer, at another gentleman's table, finding it very hard, gave it to the servant again without drinking. "What, (said the master of the house,) do you not like the beer?" "It is not to be found fault with, (answered the other,) for one should never speak ill of the dead."

A good woman quarreling with her husband for being somewhat too familiar with the servant maid, charged him with many other facts of the like nature; which he knowing himself innocent of, said to her, "Indeed, wife, you lie with any woman in the kingdom, that's your failing." "No, you rogue, (replied the good woman, in a great rage,) it is you that will lie with any woman, and that's the reason I am in such a passion with you."

A certain prelate, famed for his eloquence, and accustomed to speak in public, uttering an harangue, one day, before Lewis XIV. who had an air of royalty that inspired an awe into all that approached him; was so disconcerted thereby, that he made a pause. The king perceiving it, and touched with his distress, said, in the sweetest manner imaginable, "My Lord, we are obliged to you for giving us leisure to admire the fine things you have been saying." The bishop was so encouraged by this compliment, that he resumed his speech, and proceeded without any more hesitation.

"I suppose,

" I suppose, (says Lady Bridget T—, looking over the Beauties of Sterne, one evening, at the Duke of G—'s,) we may soon expect to see the Beauties of the prolific Lady C— published." " Good God ! my Lady, (cried I,) can you be such a novice ? what is become of your brilliancy of wit, that you should make that remark ? don't you know Lady C's Beauties have been long published ; and that a certain gentleman of our acquaintance was so impatient, that he tasted the delicious treasure in sheets ?"

An Irish lawyer, of the Temple, having occasion to go to dinner, left this direction in the key-hole : " Gone to the Elephant and Castle, where you shall find me ; and if you can't read this, carry it to the stationers, and he shall read it for you."

Fontenelle, after the first representation of Oedipus, said to the author, some previous compliments having been paid, " I could wish your verse were not quite so pompous, it would be more easy and flowing, and better suited to tragedy." " Sir, (replied Voltaire,) that is a fault I intend to correct, and, with that view, will go directly and read your Pastorals."

A gentleman, who had married a second wife, indulged himself in recurring too often in conversation, to the beauties and virtues of his first consort. He had, however, barely discernment enough to discover that the subject was not an agreeable one to his present lady. " Excuse me, Madam, (said he,) I cannot help expressing my regrets for the dear deceased." " Upon my honour, (said the lady,) I can most heartily affirm that I am as sincere a mourner for her, as you can be."

" I shall clip your wife's wit," said Dean Swift to Mr.

Mr. Pilkington, in the presence of his wife. "That will be a hanging matter, (said she,) for 'tis sterling."

Sir Watkin William Wynne talking to a friend about the antiquity of his family, which he carried up to Noah, was told that he was a mere mushroom. "Ay, (said he,) how so, pray?" "Why, (replied the other,) when I was in Wales, a pedigree of a particular family was shewn to me; it filled up above five large skins of parchment, and about the middle of it was a note in the margin:—*About this time the world was created.*"

Serjeant Maynard, an eminent counsellor of the last century, waiting, with the body of the law, upon the Prince of Orange (afterwards King William) at his arrival in London, the Prince took notice of his great age, the Serjeant then being near ninety. "Sir, (said he,) you have outlived all the men of the law of your younger years." "I should have outlived even the law itself, (replied the Serjeant,) if your Highness had not come over."

A young fellow, who fancied himself possessed of talents sufficient to cut a figure on the stage, in comedy, offered himself to the manager of Covent-Garden theatre, who desired him to give a specimen of his abilities before Mr. Quin. After he had rehearsed a speech or two, in a wretched manner, Quin asked him, with a contemptuous sneer, whether he had ever done any part in comedy? The young fellow answered, that he had done the part of Abel in the Alchymist. "You mistake, boy, (replied Quin,) it was the part of Cain you acted, for I am sure you murdered Abel."

Two gamesters had deposited a very large stake, to be won by him who threw the lowest throw with the dice. The one thought himself secure of success, on

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finding

finding that he had thrown two aces. "Hold, (cried the other,) wait for my chance." He threw, and with such dexterity, that by lodging one of the dice on the other, he shewed only one ace on the uppermost of them. He was allowed by the company to have won the stakes.

A person told M. de Sorbriere that he was fond of books in *folio*. "There, (said Sorbriere,) I differ from you; I like them best in *fructu*."

Archbishop King was remarkably fond of a leg of mutton and capers, the last of which he always prepared himself. A gentleman coming to dine with him, laughed immoderately on his entering the apartment, where his Grace was sitting at his favourite amusement. "What's the matter?" said the Bishop. "I cannot help laughing, (replied the gentleman,) for this is the first instance I have ever seen of a Bishop cutting capers."

That literary phænomenon, Lady C——, observing a fine milk-white feather in the Duchess of D——'s riding hat, stepped up and observed to her with a smile, "That is a very beautiful feather indeed, your Grace exhibits to-day!" "True, (replied the Duchess,) and if you observe, Madam, there is no taint in it."

A gentleman having a rundlet of sack in his house, a friend of his coming to visit him, he invited him down into the cellar to taste his sack; "where, (said he,) for want of another cup, I have an excellent *Gain* to drink out of." "No, I thank you, Sir, (said the other,) for I know, then I shall not be *Able* to come up again."

When Mr. Wilkes was persecuted in the year 1769,
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and confined in the King's Bench, General C— informed me of many presents being sent to him by his numerous admirers; among the rest, a gentleman sent him forty-five hampers of different wines. I could not help observing to the General, "Though his friends may complain of oppression towards him hitherto, yet now they had no reason to complain, for they must allow their oracle was finely *hampered*."

Foote dined one day at the Castle at Salthill. When the landlord produced the bill, Foote thought it very exorbitant, and asked his name? "Partridge, an't please you," replied the host. "Partridge, (replied Foote,) it should be Woodcock, by the length of your bill."

An old lady meeting a Cambridge student, asked him how her nephew behaved himself? "Truly, Madam, (says he,) he is a brave fellow, and sticks close to Catherine Hall:" (the name of a college there.) "I vow, (said she,) I cared as much: for he had always a hankering after the wenches."

Old Charles Macklin being asked his opinion of Charles F—, and the other distinguished characters who resigned some time ago; replied, "I am no astronomer, Sir, but they seem to me to be wandering planets; though it would be much better for the people of this distracted country, if they were fixed stars at Tyburn or Temple-Bar!"

The Elector of Cologne is likewise an Archbishop. One of the Electors swearing one day profanely, asked a peasant, who seemed to wonder, what he was so surprised at? "To hear an Archbishop swear," answered the peasant. "I swear, (replied the Elector,) not

as an Archbishop, but as a Prince." "But, my Lord, (said the peasant,) when the Prince goes to the devil what will become of the Archbishop?"

A political presence of mind fixed the celebrated Ruy Gomez in the favour of Philip II. of Spain. They were playing at Primero, and at a time when a vast stake was on the board, the King cried out in ecstasy, that he had the game in his hand. Ruy Gomez had superior cards, but flung up his cards, and acquiesced. The next day the other players told Philip how the affair had passed; and the King not only made Gomez a liberal amends for what he had given up, but took him into his counsels, and entrusted him with his most secret plans.

The proud Duke of Somerset had so high an opinion of the pleasures to be enjoyed in the study of heraldry, that he used to lament the hard case of our forefather Adam, who could not possibly amuse himself by investigating that science, nor that of genealogy.

Silence! keep silence in the court! (said, one day, an angry judge,) why will you not keep silence? Here we have judged a dozen causes this morning, and have not heard a word of one of them."

Never did an Irishman utter a better bull, than did an honest John; who being asked by a friend, "Has your sister got a son or a daughter?" answered, "Upon my soul, I do not know whether I am an uncle or an aunt."

Epigram by M. du Belley, on a lady's dog.

Latratu, fures excepi—mutus, amantes.

(Sic placui Domino—Sic placui Dominæ.

It

It may run thus in English :

At thieves I bark'd and made a fuss,
To beaux I wag'd my tail ;
My master and my mistress, thus,
To please I could not fail.

A warm dispute arose at a parish meeting about repairing the workhouse ; when Mr. M——, who was born in it, but is well known to have acquired a good fortune in the world, forgot himself, and strenuously opposed the laying out any money on that account, observing, it was habitable, and that was sufficient. “ Don't be positive, my friend, (says one of the parish officers,) the building is strangely run to ruin since your mother lay in of you there.”

A Westminster Justice taking coach in the city, and being set down at Young Man's coffee-house, Charing-Cross, the driver demanded eighteen-pence as his fare. The justice asked him, “ if he would swear that the ground came to the money ? ” The man said, “ he would take his oath of it.” The Justice replied, “ Friend, I am a magistrate ; ” and pulling the book out of his pocket, administered the oath ; and then gave the fellow his six-pence, saying, “ He must reserve the shilling to himself for the affidavit.”

Rocheſter, in King Charles the Second's time, was as famous for his frolic and humour, as he was infamous for his vices ; one day as he was walking in the Park, with some of his gay companions, he saw Dr. Barrow, one of the greatest divines, and the greatest mathematician of his time, musing along the Mall, in his usual contemplative manner ; and so he proposed to make up to him, and have some drollery, as he termed it. His companions were ready enough to attend him ; and, upon meeting the Doctor, Rocheſter, making a

very low bow, with great vivacity said, " Doctor, a good morning to you—I am exceeding glad to see you—I am your's to the very center of gravity." The Doctor, who was not easy to be surprised, perceived his drift, and, with all the composure in the world, returned the lowly bow, and said, " My Lord, I am your's to the Antipodes." This put him to a short pause; but as wit is seldom at a loss—" Doctor, (says he,) I am your's to the lowest pit of hell."—" There then, (replied the Doctor,) I will leave you."—And so pursued his walk.

Captain Robert Bacon revelling at Sir William Paston's, had his sack served him in a curious Venice glass, but very much under the size that he generally used. So, after a long contemplation of his measure, " Sir William, (says he,) if you value this glass, as I believe you do, tie a good long string to it, to draw it up again, for I am sure I shall swallow it at one time or other."

Andrea Marteneti, a celebrated painter, pourtrayed, by order of Innocent VII. the four cardinal virtues, with the opposite vices. The pope not rewarding him as he expected, he said, " Holy Father, shall I paint one more vice, called Ingratitude?" " Yes, (answered the Pope,) if you will add another virtue, called Patience."

It was the custom of Charlernagne to affix to the treaties which he consented to, a waxen seal, impressed by the pommel of his sword. " And with the point, (added the Emperor,) I will support it."

A few days after the late Lord L—— married the buxom Miss H. he found it necessary to withdraw from the business of love for a little while; but not caring to let his wife into the secret, he procured a subpoena to be
sent

sent to him to attend as an evidence at one of the courts in London; which, shewing her, he took leave with seeming regret, and set forward on his journey, and was absent about a month. A few days after his return home, the said nobleman and his lady were looking out at a window, at their cows grazing in a field adjoining: "My dear, (said he,) what is become of the bull which used to be so brisk among the cows here?" "Oh! child, (says she,) he's *subpœna'd*, I suppose, to the other end of the field."

"No! (said an Italian gamester, after an intolerable run of ill luck,) no, thou jade, Fortune! thou mayst, indeed, cause me to *lose* millions; but I defy thy utmost power to make me *pay* them."

Mr. Gray, the celebrated author of *The Elegy in a Country Church Yard*, being in London, before his promotion to the professorship of Modern History, in the university of Cambridge; and when his circumstances were so cramp'd, that he could indulge himself in very few gratifications, went with a friend to a private sale of books, in which the lots were very large: among the rest, there was a very elegant book-case, filled with a well-chosen collection of the best French classics, handsomely bound, the price 100 guineas. Mr. Gray had a great longing for this lot, but could not afford to buy it. The conversation between him and his friend was overheard by the amiable Duchess of Northumberland, who, knowing the other gentleman, took an opportunity to ask who his friend was? She was told it was the celebrated Gray. Upon their retiring, she bought the book-case and its contents, and sent it to Mr. Gray's lodgings, with a note, importing, that she was ashamed of sending so small an acknowledgment for the infinite pleasure she had received, in reading *The Elegy in a Country Church Yard*.

A Highwayman

A Highwayman and Chimney-Sweeper ; or No Distinction at the Gallows.

A highwayman and a chimney-sweeper were condemned to be hanged the same day at Tyburn, the first for an exploit on the highway, the latter for a more ignoble robbery. The highwayman was dressed in scarlet, and mounted the cart with alacrity ; the chimney-sweeper followed him slowly. While the clergyman was praying with fervour, the gay robber was attentive ; and the other approached near to his fellow-sufferer to partake of the same benefit, but met with a repulsive look from his companion, which kept him at some distance. But forgetting this angry warning, he presumed still to come nearer ; when the highwayman, with some disdain, said, " Keep farther off, can't you ? " " Sir, (replied the sweep,) I won't keep off ; and let me tell you, I have as much right to be here as you."

A silly fop being in company with L—y F—, and wanting his servant, cried out, " Where is my block-head ? " " Upon your shoulders," replied the lady.

A dancer saying to a Spartan, " You cannot stand so long on one leg as I can." " True, (answered the Spartan,) but any goose can."

Aristippus being in a storm, shewed great fear. Upon being reproached for this by an officer present, he answered, " Our lives are of very different value."

Anacharsis, the Scythian sage, being asked, " In what respect learned men differed from unlearned ? " answered, " As the living from the dead."

Zeno thus addressed a garrulous youth, " Nature gave us two ears, and one mouth ; that we might hear much, and talk little."

When

When Themistocles went to Andrus to demand a levy of money, he said, "I bring two gods with me, Force and Persuasion." He was answered, "And we have two stronger, Want and Impossibility."

An Athenian, who wanted eloquence, but was very brave; when another had, in a long and brilliant speech, promised great affairs, got up, and said, "Men of Athens, all that he has *said*, I will *do*."

Zeuxis entered into a contest of art with Parrhasius. The former painted grapes so truly, that birds came and pecked at them. The latter delineated a curtain, so exactly, that Zeuxis coming in, said, "Take away the curtain, that we may see this piece." And finding his error, said, "Parrhasius, thou hast conquered. I only deceived birds, thou an artist."

Zeuxis painted a boy carrying grapes; the birds came again and pecked. Some applauding, Zeuxis flew to the picture in a passion, saying, "My boy must be very ill painted."

Dr. C——d having been out a shooting one whole morning, without killing any thing, his servant begged leave to go over into the next field, for he was sure there were some birds there; "and, (adds the man,) if there are, I'll doctor them." "Doctor them! (says the master,) what do you mean by that?" "Why, kill them, Sir."

The late Bishop Herring, not more remarkable for his learning than his benevolence, having been applied to by a curate of a parish, on the death of a clergyman to whom he had himself given the living, (but who had discovered a disposition quite opposite to his own,) for his continuance under the new rector, behaved to
him.

him in a manner which exceedingly surprized him.—The good Bishop, being as well acquainted with the man, as with the hardships he had suffered, and with the poorness of his pay, conceiving a high regard for his understanding and character, and pitying the distresses to which he had been driven, by the demands of a numerous family, told him he should have the living himself.—“ Shall I, by God !” said he, in a transport.—The Bishop, instead of being shocked at an exclamation, which evidently proceeded from the fulness of his heart, and not from a swearing habit, replied, with his usual mildness, but with a very serious air, laying his hands with solemnity upon his breast, “ By the living God you shall !”

There was a grand masquerade ball held at Paris, in the reign of Lewis XIII. who was a weak prince. His Majesty, notwithstanding his dress, was discovered by two young gentlemen, walking in the ball-room, with his arm round the waist of one of his mistresses; one gentleman complained of the heat of the room, and made a motion to the other for them to adjourn to the *King's Arms*. “ No, (replied he,) that will not do; *the King's Arms is full*; but if you think proper, we will retire to the *King's Head*, for that is quite empty.”

Serjeant Davy being concerned in a cause which he wanted to put off a few days, asked Lord M——, the late chief justice of the King's Bench, when he would bring it on? “ Friday next,” says his Lordship. “ Will you consider, my Lord, Friday next will be Good Friday?” “ I do not care for that, (says his Lordship,) I shall sit for all that.” “ Well, my Lord, to be sure you may do as you please; but if you do, I believe you will be the first judge who did business on a Good Friday since Pontius Pilate's time.”

An.

An eminent lawyer, lately returning with a single servant, from an assize at York, had unaccountably missed his way in a very lonely part of the county; when, after halting a few minutes, the gentleman supposed he discovered a man in a field at some distance, to whom for direction his servant was ordered to ride, while the gentleman in the road waited the event of the inquiry. The supposed rustic proved only to be what is called a maukin, or a figure dressed up to frighten the birds from the corn. The servant, aggravated at the difficulty of crossing some ditches in his way to it, struck the maukin on the head with his whip, and immediately returned. The gentleman, by the help of his glass, being a witness to this offence, and probably anticipating an action for an assault and battery, prevented his servant's report by reproving him for the supposed outrage upon the man, and by way of compensation, sent him back with a crown; which, pretending to dispose of as desired, the fellow had the artifice to conceal for his own use; saying, on his return, that, though the clown was extremely thankful for his master's bounty, he was still as well as at his first application, but so unintelligent, that he could make neither head nor tail of his directions.

Advertisement extraordinary. — “ Whatever persons may read this advertisement, or should chance to hear of it, are intreated to reflect if they know any lady that answers the following description:—Tall and graceful in her person; more of the fine woman than the pretty one; good teeth, soft lips, sweet breath; with eyes no matter what colour, so they are but expressive; of a healthy complexion, rather inclined to fair than brown; neat in her person; her bosom full, plump, firm, and white; a good understanding, without being a wit, but cheerful and lively in conversation; polite and delicate in speech; her temper humane and tender, and to look

as

as if she could feel delight where she wishes to give it. If such a one there be! there is a gentleman of two thousand pounds a year, fifty-two years of age next September, but of a vigorous, strong, and amorous constitution, that will marry her, be her fortune ever so small, and settle on her a clear jointure of six hundred pounds a year. But then she must consent to live entirely in the country, which, if she likes the man, she will not be unwilling to comply with; and, it is to be hoped, she will have a heart above all mercenary views, and honest enough not to be ashamed to own she loves the man whom she makes her choice; she must not be more than fourteen, nor less than seven years younger than the gentleman."

The following is a true copy of a Painter's bill, at Cirencester, delivered to the Church-wardens of an adjoining parish:

" Mr. Charles Forbes, Church-warden of Siddington,
To Joseph Cook, Dr.

To mending the Commandments, altering
the Belief, and making a new Lord's *l. s. d.*
Prayer, — — — — — *1 1 0.*"

King John being shewn a stately monument, erected over the grave of a nobleman who had rebelled against him, and being advised to deface it; answered, "No, no, I wish all my enemies were as honourably buried."

A certain facetious Abbe of France, having engaged a box at the Opera House, at Paris, was turned out of his possession by a *Mareschal*, as remarkable for his ungentleman-like behaviour, as for his cowardice and meanness. The Abbe, for this unjustifiable breach of good manners, brought his action in a court of honour, and solicited permission to be his own advocate, which

was

was granted. When he pleaded to the following effect :
 “ 'Tis not of Monsieur Suffrein, who acted so ably in the East Indies, that I complain ; it is not of the Duke de Crebillon, who took Minorca, that I complain ; it is not of the Compte de Grasse, who so bravely fought Lord Rodney, that I complain ; but it is of the Marchal who took my box at the Opera House, and never took any thing else.” This most poignant stroke of satire, so sensibly evinced the court that he had already inflicted punishment sufficient, that they refused to grant him a verdict.—A fine compliment to the Abbe's wit.

The late Lady Tyrawly, who was very short-sighted, being on a christening visit, her Ladyship waited below-stairs a considerable time with much impatience to see the child, which was to be brought down to her. The footman, in the mean time, entered the apartment with a coal-scuttle ; who, approaching the fire, near which her Ladyship was seated, she immediately rose, and being extremely desirous of complimenting the family with a thousand common-place observations on the bantling, run on in the following manner, with great volubility :—“ La ! it is the sweetest creature I ever beheld ! my Lord Duke's nose ! my Lady Duchess's mouth !—Dear Nurse, this is an universal joy ; for sure no mother ever had so sweet a creature.” The company stared ; and her Ladyship, who did not discover her error, called for her chair, congratulating herself on having paid her visit, and returned home full of the praises of his Grace's delightful baby.

A late Chancellor of the Exchequer, who lived in the house at present occupied by Mr. Pitt, and which belongs to that office, on quitting it after his dismission, protested he would never again live in a *house of office*.

M

A miser,

A miser, having lost an hundred pounds, promised ten pounds reward to any one who should bring it him. An honest poor man, who found it, brought it to the old gentleman, demanding the ten pounds. But the miser, to baffle him, alledged there were an hundred and ten pounds in the bag when lost. The poor man, however, was advised to sue for the money; and, when the cause came on to be tried, it appearing that the seal had not been broken, nor the bag ripped, the judge said to the defendant's counsel, "The bag you lost had an hundred and ten pounds in it, you say." "Yes, my Lord," says he. "Then, (replied the judge,) according to the evidence given in court, this cannot be your money; for here are only an hundred pounds: therefore the plaintiff must keep it till the true owner appears."

Some gentlemen coming out of a tavern pretty merry, a link-boy cried, "Have a light, gentlemen?" "Light yourself to the devil, you dog," says one of the company. "Bless you, master, (replied the boy,) I can find the way in the dark; shall I light your Honour there?"

A French clergyman, whose parishioners had many of them not made the most honourable exit out of this bad world, insisted, when he was baptizing one of their children, to be paid the nuptial and burial fees, as well as those of baptism; and when the parents asked the reason of this extraordinary demand, he replied, "Because I know, as soon as he is grown up, he will cheat me of my dues, by going to Paris to be hanged."

A physician's horse being out of order, he sent him to the farrier to be cured; which being done, the doctor went to pay him. "No, (said the farrier,) we doctors never take any money one of another."

As a thief was going to the gallows out of the town,
near

near Norwich, many boys ran to see the execution ; which he seeing, called to them, saying, " Boys, you need not make so much haste, for there will be no sport till I come."

*A remarkable instance of the ignorance of the Clergy in the beginning of the 14th Century :—*Magdeburgh, which is now secularized, and belongs to the crown of Prussia, was formerly an archbishopric, and before its secularization, had been governed by 38 prelates, of whom Ernestus, Duke of Saxony, who died in 1513, was the last. In the year 1303, Henry D'Anhalt was appointed the 26th archbishop of Magdeburgh ; he went to Rome, for the purpose of getting his appointment confirmed, and of being consecrated by the Pope. His Holiness, not expecting to find in a German any great depth of learning, but still obliged to make the prelate elect go through the form of an examination, asked him if he could say the Lord's Prayer ? The new archbishop was confounded, and knew not what answer to make ; for he did not understand what the Pope meant by the words the Lord's Prayer. His principal chaplain, seeing his Prince's embarrassment, observed to his Holiness, that the prayer in question was not known in Germany by the name of the Lord's Prayer, but by that of the Pater Noster. The prelate could mutter the Pater Noster, but knew not by whom it had been composed. Clement V. who was then Pope, did not push the examination any further, but consecrated Henry, and gave him the pallium, the mark of his archiepiscopal dignity. The ignorance of this archbishop will appear the more extraordinary, as he was by birth a prince of the family of Anhalt, which is still of so much consequence in the empire.

The great Lord Bacon was reduced to such extreme poverty towards the latter end of his life, that he wrote

to James I. for assistance, in these words : " Help me, dear sovereign lord and Master ! and pity me so far ; that I, who have been born to a *bag*, be not now, in my age, forced in effect to bear a *wallet*. Nor that I, who desire to live to study, may be driven to study to live."

About thirty years ago, some alterations were making in a part of Kensington-gardens, and the good old George the Second used to take pleasure, at times, in overlooking the workmen. Among these, there chanced to be an half-witted fellow, who never could be brought to comprehend why he might not be as free with the King as with any other person for whom he had been used to work. One day, finding what he thought a proper opportunity, he grinned in the face of his sovereign, and, with great earnestness, demanded " something to drink." Displeased at the boldness of the request, yet ashamed to deny it, the King mechanically employed both his hands in search of coin, and finding none, replied, with dignity, and his usual German accent, " I have no money in my pockets." " Nor I neither, (returned the idiot,) I can't think where it is all gone, for my part!" The sovereign frowned at the repartee, which, like many another joke, was prejudicial to its maker, and the fool was no longer employed near the palace.

When the Earl of Wharton who made so eminent a figure in the reign of Queen Anne, was a stripling, during the life of his father, a most formal Presbyterian, there being an extraordinary entertainment for some young gentry, on the anniversary of this hopeful son's birth, he was ordered by the old Lord to say grace ; whereupon, turning up his eyes, and assuming a puritanical countenance, he breathed the following strain :

" I pray God to shorten the days of Lord Wharton,
And set his son up in his place ;

He'll

He'll drink, and he'll whore, aud ten thousand things
more,

With as good a fanatical face."

The pious parent being deaf, and not hearing what he had said, but perceiving he had finished, very innocently gave his assent to it, by an "Amen, I pray God!" Which, to his great surprise, made the whole company burst into a laughter.

A Master of Arts being reduced to extreme poverty, begged some relief of a locksmith who was at work in his shop. The smith asked him why he had not learned some art to get his living by, rather than thus to go about begging. "Alas!" (replied the scholar,) "I am a master of seven." "Of seven!" (replied the locksmith,) "they must be sorry ones indeed, then, since they are not all able to keep you: for my part, I have only one, as you see, which maintains seven of us: myself, my wife, and five children."

At the beginning of the revolution, several persons of rank, who had been zealously serviceable in bringing about this event, but who, at the same time, had no great abilities, applied for some of the most considerable employments under government; when the Earl of Halifax being consulted on the propriety of admitting those claims—"I remember," (said his Lordship,) "to have read in history that Rome was saved by the geese—but I do not recollect that those geese were made consuls."

The Emperor Solyman, that haughty sovereign of the Turks, whose talents were so great, and whose ambition was without bounds, in his attack on Hungary, took the city of Belgrade, which was considered as the bulwark of Christendom. After this important conquest, a woman of low rank approached him, and com-

plained bitterly that some of his soldiers had carried off her cattle, in which consisted the whole of her wealth. " You must then have been in a very deep sleep, (said the Sultan, smiling,) if you did not hear the robbers." " Yes, my Sovereign, (replied she,) I did sleep soundly: but it was in the fullest confidence that your Highness watched for the public safety." The Prince, who had an elevated mind, far from resenting this freedom, made her ample amends for the loss which she had sustained.

A late popular character, when very young, was a candidate for Berwick upon Tweed; and, being returned, preferred a petition to the House of Commons; retaining a certain eminent counsel, with a fee of fifty guineas. Just before this business was about to come into the House, the barrister, who had in the interval changed his political sentiments, sent word he could not possibly plead. On this, the candidate immediately waited on his advocate, mildly expostulated and remonstrated, but all in vain; he would not by any means consent either to plead, or return the money; adding, with a sneer of professional insolence, that the law was open, and to that he might have recourse, if he conceived himself injured. " No, no, Sir, (replied his spirited client,) I was weak enough to give you a fee, but I am not quite fool enough to go to law with you; as I perceive that my whole fortune might be wasted in retaining fees alone, before I found one honest barrister to plead for me. I have therefore brought my advocate in my pocket." Then, taking out a brace of pistols, he offered one to the astonished counsellor; and protested, that before he quitted the room, he would either have his money, or satisfaction! The money was accordingly returned; but, losing so able an advocate, the justice of his cause prevented not the failure of his application.

A certain

A certain colonel, who made the fine fire-works in St. James's Square, to celebrate the peace of Ryſwick, being in company with ſome ladies, was highly commending the epitaph juſt then ſet up in the Abbey on Mr. Purcel's monument—

“ He is gone to that place where only his own harmony can be exceeded.”

“ Lord, Colonel, (ſaid one of the ladies,) the ſame epitaph might ſerve for you, by altering a ſingle word—

“ He is gone to that place where only his own fire-works can be exceeded.”

A cardinal highly in the confidence of Pope Alexander the Sixth, told him one day that it would be expedient to baniſh the phyſicians out of Rome, for they were entirely uſeleſs. “ No, (ſays the Pope,) they are quite the reverſe; for, without them, the world would increaſe ſo faſt, that one could not live by another.”

The famous Rabelais followed the Cardinal of Lorraine to Rome, and attended on him as his phyſician. This prelate being gone to pay his duty to the new Pope, Gregory XIII. was, according to cuſtom, admitted to the honour of kiſſing his Holineſs's toe. Rabelais, who was preſent, appearing ſurpriſed and ſhocked at the ſight of ſuch a beaſtly action, haſted out of the room, and went away. The Cardinal, on his return home, aſked him angrily, what made him run away before he was preſented to the Pontiff, with the gentlemen of his retinue? “ I crave your Eminency's pardon, (answered Rabelais,) but, ſeeing you, who are a Cardinal, a great Prince, and my maſter, kiſs the Pope's toe, I thought the greateſt honour that could fall to my ſhare, would be to kiſs his Holineſs's backſide.”

King

King James the First gave all manner of liberty and encouragement to the exercise of buffoonery, and he took great delight in it himself. Happening once to bear somewhat hard on one of his Scotch courtiers, "By my faul, (returns the peer,) he that made your Majesty a King, spoiled the best fool in Christendom."

A young gentleman, desirous of being admitted into the law, was asked a question by one of the gentlemen of the long robe—"Suppose, (says he,) your client had a debt owing him of nine pounds nineteen shillings, and the plaintiff was going to leave his country, how would you act?" "Why, (says the young student,) I would lend him another shilling." This answer so well pleased the judges, that they afterwards consulted, and admitted him.

A lawyer told his client, his adversary had removed his suit from one court into another; to whom the client replied, "Let him remove it to the devil, if he pleases; I am sure my attorney, for money, will follow it."

Cardinal Wolsey was first minister of state to Henry VIII. and in great favour with him. He was a proud, insolent, and vicious prelate; and falling under disgrace, he was sent for by the King; but dying on his journey, between York and London, he left this testimony behind him, to the honour of religion and virtue, viz. "Had I served my God as zealously as I have served my prince, he would not have forsaken me in my old age."

A nobleman, before a numerous assembly, told a worthy divine, who was soliciting him for a living then vacant, and in his lordship's disposal, "No, no, Doctor! talk no more of it; but prithee, man, learn to dance."

The

The doctor, not at all abashed, smilingly replied—“He should be incorrigible not to improve with his lordship for an instructor, who had long taught him to dance attendance.”—“Have I so, doctor? (says the Earl,) then e’en take the living, and my daughter Sophy shall teach you to turn out your toes.”

There was a patron in England, that had a benefice fallen into his hands, and a good brother of mine came unto him, and brought him thirty apples in a dish, and gave them to his man, to carry to his master. The man accordingly presented him with the dish of apples, saying—Sir, such a man hath sent you a dish of fruit, and desireth you to be good unto him for such a benefice—“Tush, tush, (said he,) this is no apple matter, I will have none of his apples; I have as good as these in my own orchard.” The man came to the priest again, and told him what his master said. “Then, (replied the priest,) desire him to prove one of them for my sake: he shall find them better than they look for.” He cut one of them, and found ten pieces of of gold in it. “Marry (quoth he,) this is a good apple.” The priest standing not far off, and hearing what the gentleman said, cried out, “They are all one apple, I assure you, Sir, they all grew on one tree, and have all one taste,” “Well, he is a good fellow, let him have it, (said the patron;) and get you a graft of this tree, and I’ll warrant it to you in better stead than all St. Paul’s learning.”

A poor but worthy clergyman, who possessed only a small lectureship, from the income of which he had a large family to maintain, had been under the necessity, through some expensive family sicknesses, &c. of contracting debts with several of the parish, and, being unable to answer their demands, absconded for some time, for fear of being troubled; and in short, was so ashamed of facing his creditors, that he even prevailed with a friend

friend to officiate for him on Sundays. However, considering this way of life could not last long, he took courage, and resolved to preach the following Sunday before his parishioners; when he took his text from the New Testament, in these words, "Have patience with me, and I will pay you all." He divided his discourse into two general heads; first, "Have patience;" secondly, "and I will pay you all;" he then expatiated very largely and elegantly on that most christian virtue, Patience; after which, "And now, (says he,) having done with my first head, viz. "Have patience," I come to my second and last general head, which is, "and I will pay you all"—but that I must defer to another opportunity."—Which excellent conclusion so pleased his creditors, that they gave him his own time to pay his debts, assuring him that they would never trouble him more.

His present Majesty happening to see the Rev. Dr.—at the play, expressed some surprise at seeing a divine at such a representation;" "Sire, (replied the doctor,) I am not ashamed at appearing at any place, where the head of the church thinks proper to be present."

A collection was made to build the hospital of Bedlam. Those who were employed to gather this money, came to a small house, the door of which was half open, from the entry they overheard an old man scolding the servant-maid, who, having made use of a match in kindling the fire, had afterwards indiscreetly thrown it away, without reflecting, that the match, having still the other extremity dipped in sulphur, might be of further service. After diverting themselves a while with the dispute, they knocked, and presented themselves before the old gentleman. As soon as they told him the cause of their coming, he went into a closet, from whence he brought four hundred guineas, and reckoning the money in their presence,

presence, he put it into their bag. The collectors being astonished at this generosity, and, testifying their surprise, told the old fellow what they had heard. "Gentlemen, (said he,) your surprise is occasioned by a thing of very little consequence, I keep a house, and save or spend money my own way: the one furnishes me with the means of doing the other; and both equally gratify my inclinations. With regard to benefactions and donations, always expect most from prudent people, who keep their accounts"—When he had spoken thus, he turned them out of the house, without ceremony, and shut the door, not thinking half so much of the four hundred guineas, which he had just given away, as of the match that had been thrown into the fire.

A parson Patten, of Whitstable, was well known in his own neighbourhood, as a man of great oddity, great humour, and equally great extravagance. Once, standing in need of a new wig, his old one desying all farther assistance of art, he went over to Canterbury, and applied to a barber, young in the business, to make him one. The tradesman, who was just going to dinner, begged the honour of his new customer's company at his meal, to which Patten most readily consented. After dinner, a large bowl of punch was produced, and the reverend guest with equal readiness, joined in its demolition. When it was out, the barber was proceeding to business, and began to handle his measure, when Mr. Patten desired him to desist; (saying,) he should not make his wig. "Why not," exclaimed the astonished host, "have I done any thing to offend you, Sir?" "Not in the least," replied the guest; "but I find you are a very honest, good natured fellow; so I will take *somebody else* in. Had *you* made it, you would never have been paid for it."

None fight with true spirit who are over-loaded with cash.

cash. A man who had been fortunate at cards, was applied to to act as a second in a duel, at a period when the seconds engaged as heartily as the principals, "I am not, (said he,) the man for your purpose, just at present; but go and apply to him from whom I won a thousand guineas last night, and I warrant you he will fight like any devil!"

Mr. Hume the philosopher and the witty Sheridan were crossing from Harwich to Holland, when a high swell rising, Hume seemed under great apprehensions lest he should go to the bottom. "Why, (observed the wit,) that will suit your genius to a tittle; as for my part, you know I am only for skimming the surface."

The following letter was sent with a Hare to a Nobleman.

"Honoured Sir,

I have sent you a small present, who humbly hopes may prove worthy acceptance, which is a Hare, who is your—very humble servant,

A. Newling, Cambridge."

Madame de—, who was very handsome, spoke highly in praise of the wit of Voltaire, who returned the compliment by saying, "I know Madam, you perfectly well understand what wit is; but I must be allowed to be a connoisseur in beauty, and I am at present in raptures."

He complimented another very handsome lady, by telling her, "Your rivals are master-pieces of art; you are a master-piece of nature."

Curious board at a Country hair dressers:

ISAAC FAC-TOTUM,

*Barber, Perriwig-Maker, Surgeon, Parish Clerk,
Schoolmaster, Blacksmith, and Man-Midwife.*

Shaves for a penny, cuts hair for two-pence. Young
ladies

ladies genteelly educated. Lamps lighted by the year or quarter. Also Psalm-singing and horse-shoeing by the real maker. Likewise makes and mends all sorts of boots and shoes, teaches the hoboy and Jew's harp, cuts corns, bleeds and blisters on the lowest terms. Cow-tillions, and other dances, taught at home or abroad. Also deals wholesale and retail. Sells all sorts of stationary ware, together with blacking-balls, red-herrings, fine gingerbread, coals, scrubbing-brushes, treacle, mouse traps, and all other sorts of sweetmeats. N. B. I teach Jografy, and them out-landish kind of things. A ball on Wednesdays and Fridays. All performed (God willing) by me,

Isaac Façtotum.

Curious inscription at Wigan in Lancashire :

“James Williams, Parish Clerk, Saxtone, Town-Cryer, and Bellman—makes and sells all sorts of haberdasharies, groceries, &c. likewise hair and wigs drest, and cut, on the shortest notice.

N. B. I keeps an evening school, where I teach at reasonable rates, reading, writing and singing.

N. B. I play the hooboy occasionally, if wanted.

N. B. My shop is next door, where I bleed, draw-teth, and shoo horses, with the greatest scil.

N. B. Children taught to dance, if agreeable, at 6d. per week, by me J. Williams, who buy and sell old iron, and coals—shoos cleaned and mended.

N. B. A hat and pair of stockens to be cudgelled for, the best in 5, on Shrof Tushday. For particulars enquire within, or at the horse shoo and bell, near the church, on tother side of the way.

N. B. Look over the door for the sight of the three pidgeons.

N. B. I sell good Ayle, and sometimes Cyder—Lodgins for single men.”

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The true Ambition of an Honest Mind.

Were I to describe the blessings I desire in life, I would be happy in a few, but faithful friends. Might I choose my talent, it should rather be good sense than learning, I would consult, in the choice of my house, convenience rather than state; and for my circumstances, desire a moderate but independent fortune. Business enough to secure me from indolence, and leisure enough always to have an hour to spare. I would have no master, and I desire but few servants. I would not be led away by ambition, nor perplexed with disputes. I would enjoy the blessing of health, but would rather be beholden for it to a regular life and an easy mind, than the school of Hippocrates. As to my passions, since we cannot be wholly divested of them, I would hate only those whose manners and actions rendered them odious, and love only where I know I ought. Thus would I pass cheerfully through that portion of my life which cannot last always, and with resignation wait for that which will last for ever.

A Scotch Bank Bill.

" No. 57. *Glasgow, Jan. 16, 1765.*
We swear.

I, Daniel M'Cullum, cashier for Daniel M'Funn, Duncan Buchanan, and Company, bankers in Glasgow, having powers from them, promise to pay James Garderrar, or the Bearer, on demand, One Penny sterling, or in option of the Directors, three ballads six days after a demand: and for ascertaining the demand and option of the Directors, the Accomptant, and one of the Tellers of the Bank, are hereby ordered to mark and sign this Note on the back thereof. By order of the court of directors.

Daniel M'Cullum, Dan. M'Funn."

Notice

Notice to all Maids and Batchelors.

"The Rev. Patrick Fay finds himself called upon to contradict a malicious and anonymous advertisement (published by some secret enemies, envious of his great success in his calling) tending to insinuate his being excommunicated, and thereby rendered incapable of officiating in his clerical capacity: he, therefore, thus acquaints all those who please to favour him with their commands in the connubial line, that he continues to execute every office of his function, with the utmost secrecy, care, and dispatch, on terms much more reasonable than any other person in the same business, as can be testified by all those who have made trial.—Witnesses provided if required; also, accommodations for consummation, with the necessary refreshments, &c. on paying a reasonable advance.

Mr. Fay, ever studious to procure pleasures for the young and gay, has lately purchased, at a considerable expence, a large piece of ground adjoining his house, which he intends to lay out in the most elegant taste, with baths, recesses, &c. in the Turkish style: at the termination of the grand walk will be erected a magnificent temple exactly on the same plan as the temple of Venus, at Paphos, in the Isle of Cyprus; for the decoration of which, he has fortunately procured from a person just returned from Italy, some of their most exquisitely voluptuous paintings, executed by the first masters of that science. In another part of these improvements, there will be a library, furnished with a very choice and elegant collection of the most amorous authors of refined taste, in verse and prose. There will be erected in another part, a sumptuous pavilion, where the finest cakes, sweet-meats, and the various fruits of the earth, more exquisitely flavoured than ambrosia, will be spread with profuseness; and wines more delicious than nectar flowing from never-failing goblets in the hands of Bacchus. The garden will be planted with

amaranths and violets, fostered by the hand of Flora; whilst from Pomona's bounty, it will far exceed the garden of Hesperia. The perfumes of the East will burn daily in the temple, and ever-blowing roses spread their velvet couches, whilst aromatic sweets increase the pleasures of this scene for LOVE !”

When Spenser had finished his famous poem of the Fairy Queen, he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of those days. The manuscript being sent up to the earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered his servant to give the writer 20*l*. Reading on, (he cried in rapture,) “ Carry that man another 20*l*. Proceeding still, (he said,) give him 20*l*. more.” But, at length, he lost all patience, and said, “ Go turn that fellow out of the house, for if I read on, I shall be ruined.”

In an assembly the other day, the conversation happened to turn upon a new publication, which was highly praised by a nobleman, who had just perused it. A person in company, understanding from what the nobleman said, that he was a stranger to the author, went in quest of him, knowing him to be hard by, and introduced him to the nobleman: at the same time, intimating that he stood in need of pecuniary assistance. “ His Lordship coldly told the author that he liked the work very well, and, drawing out his purse, made him a present of it: in which was 62 guineas.”

A man going home late at night was stopped by the patrols, and asked where he was going: he being intoxicated with liquor, told them—“ He came from where they would like to have been, and was going where they dare not come for their ears.” They then asked his name and where he lived—“ My name, (says he,) is seven and twenty-shillings, and where I live is out

out of the King's dominions." Upon which they took him to the watch-house. The next day he was examined before the justice, for the impertinent answers given to the patroles. Upon which he said, "Please your Worship, I was at a punch-house, where I had good liquor, that made me say they would wish to be there; and my going home, was to my wife, where they had no right to come; and my name is Moidore; I live in Little Britain." Which answer so well pleased the justice, that he was discharged immediately.

A gentleman once was called upon a jury at the Old Bailey, but he being distressed in circumstances, resolved to turn upon the road to mend his fortune; upon which he ordered his barber to make him a scarlet wig, which he wore, and robbed two gentlemen; after which he threw the wig away. A countryman with his team travelling the road, picked it up, and admiring it, throws off his cap and put on this scarlet wig, thinking it was the fashion in London; he soon after arrived in town, and the two gentlemen who were robbed seeing the countryman, immediately took him into custody, supposing him to be the man who robbed them: he was brought up to the Old Bailey for trial, and sworn to by the two gentlemen. The real highwayman was on the jury, who thought it a cruel circumstance that an innocent man should suffer, and putting on the wig, said to the gentlemen, "Who was it robbed you?" "Oh, (says the gentleman,) it was you—you are the man, we are sure." Then says the judge to them, "Why you two will say it is me, if I put the wig on. You have already sworn to one, and want to swear to another—turn them out of court, or they will swear to me next."

A drunken fellow having sold all his goods to maintain himself at his pot, except his feather bed, at last made away with that too; when being reproved for it by some

of his friends; "Why, (said he,) I am very well, thank God, and why should I keep my bed."

When King Charles the First was in great anxiety about signing the warrant for the Earl of Strafford's execution, saying it was next to death to part with so able a minister, and so loyal a subject: a certain favourite of the king's standing by, soon resolved his Majesty, by telling him, "That in such an exigence, a man had better part with his crutch than his leg."

Some rattling young fellows from London putting up at a country inn, seeing a plain rough-hewn farmer there: says one of them, you shall see me dumb-found that countryman:—So, coming up to him, he gave his hat a twirl round, saying, "There is half a crown for you, countryman." The farmer, after recovering a little from his surprize, reared his oaken towel, and surveying him very gravely, gave him two very handsome drubs on the shoulder, "I thank you for your kindness, friend, there is two shillings of your money again."

A person having been put to great shifts to get money to support his credit; some of his creditors at length sent him word, that they would give him trouble. "Poh, (says he,) I have had trouble enough to borrow the money, and had not need to be troubled to pay it again."

A countrywoman being sick, bequeathed her sow with pig to the parson, who, thinking she would hardly recover, came soon after and took the sow away. The good wife recovering, asked for her sow, and being told the parson she had left it to, came when she was very bad, and had taken her away. "Bless us, (says she,) the parson is worse than the devil, for one may call upon him twenty times to take one before he will do it, but

but I did but once bid the parson take my fow, and he fetched her immediately."

A lady, whose beauty was very much upon the decline, having sent her picture to a gentleman that was to come a wooing to her, bid her chambermaid, when she was coming to dress her, take care in repairing her decays a little, or she should not look like her picture. "I warrant you, Madam, (says she, laying on her Bavarian red,) a little art made your picture like you, now a little of the same art shall make you like your picture; your picture must fit to you."

A termagant sempstress coming to hunt a young fellow at his lodgings, where he was terribly afraid to have his landlady hear; she began to open her quail pipes at a great rate, but was presently seized with a fit of coughing; "Lord, (says she,) I have got such a cold I can hardly speak." "Nay, as to that, (says he,) I do not care how softly you speak." "Do not tell me of speaking softly, (says she,) let me have my money, or I will take the law of you." "Do, (says he,) then you will be forced to hold your tongue, for the law allows nobody to scold in their own cause."

When recruits were raising for the late wars, a serjeant told his captain, that he had got him a very extraordinary man: "Ay, (says the captain,) prithee what is he?" "A butcher, Sir, (replies the serjeant,) and your Honour will have double service for him, for we had two sheep-stealers in the company before."

A harmless country fellow having commenced a suit against a gentleman who had beat down his fences, and spoiled his corn; when the assizes drew near, his adversary bribed his only evidence to keep out of the way: "Well, (says the fellow,) I'm resolved I'll up to town, and

and the King shall know it." "The King know it, (says his landlord, who was an attorney,) prithee what good will that do you, if the man keeps out of the way?" "Why, Sir, (says the poor fellow,) I have heard you say that the King could make a man a *peer* at any time."

A lady seeing a tolerable pretty fellow, who by the help of a taylor and sempstresses had transformed himself into a beau, said, "What pity it is to see one whom nature has made no fool, so industrious to pass for an ass." "Rather, (says another,) we should pity those whom nature abuses, than those who abuse nature; besides the town would be robbed of one half of its diversion, if it should be a crime to laugh at a fool."

A person waiting for another, lay down under a tree near which a malefactor was hanging in gibbets, and fell into a slumber. As it happened, two of the malefactor's old comrades were passing that way, and one of them being in a frolicsome humour, called the dead man by his name, and asked if he would not come down and take a walk with them this evening. The dozing person thinking it was his companion that called, replied, "Yes; I am coming;" and immediately rose to join them; the thieves, conscious of guilt, and struck with a panic, thought the dead man had really descended from the gibbet, and took to their heels with the speed of greyhounds; and he who followed, in vain called to them to stop.

Dr. Brown, chaplain to the Bishop of Hereford, dining one day with his Lordship, in company with a young lady to whom he paid his addresses, was asked for his toast after dinner: when the Bishop, perceiving him to hesitate, cried, "O, I beg your pardon, Doctor, your toast is not yet Brown."

A young

A young fellow was extolling a lady's beauty very highly, and one of his companions allowed she had beauty, but that she had a bad set of teeth. "Very true, but she is a fine woman *in spite of her teeth.*"

A certain auctioneer's coach happening a few years ago, to prevent some noblemen's carriages from drawing up after the play, Lord — desired the coachman to drive off; at the same time calling to the owner, "Mr. Auctioneer your coach is a going! a going! it's gone!" to the great mortification of the auctioneer, and the mirth of every one present.

A tatling fellow told a person, of whom he had very little knowledge, a secret of the utmost consequence to himself, begging, for God's sake, that the other would not tell it again. "Never fear, (said the person,) I shall at least be *as discreet as yourself.*"

Henry Stephens relates an anecdote of a dwarfish man who had espoused such a gigantic woman, that he was obliged to climb upon the table if he wanted to salute her. This woman, says our author, when her husband was vexed or out of humour, would look down as if from a two pair of stairs window, and ask, "who it was that kept grumbling there below?"

A dispute having long subsisted in a gentleman's family, between the maid and the coachman, about fetching the cream for breakfast; the gentleman one morning called them both before him, that he might hear what they had to say, and decide accordingly. The maid pleaded, that the coachman was lounging about the kitchen the best part of the morning, yet he was so ill-natured, he would not fetch the cream for her, notwithstanding he saw she had so much to do, that she had not a moment to spare. The coachman alledged,
it

it was none of his business. "Very well, (said the master,) but pray what do you call your business?" "To take care of the horses, and clean and drive the coach," replied Jehu. "You say right, (answered the master,) and I do not expect you to do more than I hired you for; but this I insist on, that every morning before breakfast, you get the coach ready, and drive the maid to the farmer's for milk; and I hope you will allow that to be part of your business."

The Roman Catholics made a sacrament of matrimony, and in consequence of that notion, pretended that it concerned grace: the Protestant divines do not carry matters so high, but say, "This ought to be understood in a qualified sense: and that marriage so far confers grace, as that, generally speaking, *it brings repentance*, which every body knows *is one step towards grace*."

A lady who had a mind, she told another, to quarrel with an impertinent teasing young fellow she did not like, said she could not tell how to provoke him, he was so very assiduous and submissive. "'Slife, (said her friend,) I'd spit in his face." "Alas, (replied she,) that will not do; when men are fawning like lap-dogs, they will take that for a favour."

An extravagant young gentleman, to whom the title of Lord, and a good estate, was just fallen, being a little harrassed by duns, bid his steward tell them, "That whilst he was a private gentleman he had leisure to run in debt; but now being advanced to a higher rank, he was too busy to pay them."

A wild young fellow, that had spent his fortune, being asked, what he intended to do with himself? said, he designed to go into the army, "How can that be? (says one,) you are a Catholic, and cannot take the oaths."

oaths." "You may as well tell me, (says he,) I cannot take orders, because I am an atheist." "I ask your pardon, (replied the other,) I did not know the strength of your conscience so well as I did the weakness of your purse."

A gentleman, in King Charles the Second's time, who had paid a tedious attendance at court for a place, and had a thousand promises, at length resolved to see the King himself; so getting himself introduced, he told his Majesty what pretensions he had to his favour, and boldly asked him for the place just then vacant. The king hearing his story, told him he had just given the place away. Upon which the gentleman made a very low obeisance to the king, and thanked him extremely: which he repeated often. The king observing how over thankful he was, called him again, and asked the reason why he gave him such extraordinary thanks, when he had denied him his suit? "The rather, and please your Majesty, (replied the gentleman,) than if you gave me a thousand put-offs; but your Majesty has sav'd me all that trouble, and generously given me my answer at once." "God's fish, (said the King,) thou shalt have the place for thy downright honesty."

A merry drolling fellow, who lived with a lady that was just on the point of matrimony, being sent with a row d'ye to an acquaintance of her's, who liv'd a few miles off, was asked how his lady did? "Ah, dear madam, (replied the fellow,) she can never live in this longing condition."

An English gentleman travelling to France, had made choice of an abbot, as wicked as himself, for the companion of his pleasures: One of his countrymen told him, "That though the abbot and he differed about the way

way to heaven, they were in a fair way of going to the devil together."

A countryman in the street enquiring the way to Newgate, an arch fellow that heard him, said he would shew him presently. "Do but go across the way, (said he,) to yon goldsmith's shop, and move off with one of those silver tankards, and it will bring you there presently."

A certain priest in a rich abby in Florence, being a fisherman's son, caused a net to be spread every day, on a table in his apartment, to put him in mind of his original; the abbot dying, this dissembled humility procured him to be chosen abbot, after which the net was used no more. Being asked the reason, he answered, "There is no occasion for the net now the fish is caught."

The late Mr. C. Price, calling for a bill of fare, at the Bedford Coffee-house one day, observed nothing but poultry in it, which, with a hearty curse, he returned to the waiter. Mr. Garrick begged Mr. Price not to be so critically severe, as it was only a *foul* copy.

The Duchess of Kingston asked Mr. Garrick, one day at Knightsbridge, "why Love was represented as a child?" "Because, (replied the manager,) he never attains to the age of *wisdom and discretion*."

Mr. Edmund Burke, the Irish orator, was telling Mr. Garrick, one day at Hampton, that all *bitter* things were *hot*; "Ay, (says Mr. Garrick,) what do you think, Mr. Burke, of *bitter cold weather*?"

The late Sir John Hill, the celebrated botanist, was very

very remarkable for being a voluminous writer, and in general, dedicated his productions to people that were popular when he was about to be delivered of his offspring; dedicated a small volume, in quarto, to Mr. Garrick, when he was in the zenith of his glory, that he had found out the philosopher's stone, and could turn any thing into gold. Mr. Garrick sent him, as a mark of respect, a large empty purse, with his compliments to Sir John, "That, as he knew how to *make gold*, he had sent him *a purse to hold it*."

Mr. Wallace was observing, that it was hard that Mr. Wilkes should go unrewarded, after having served such a long apprenticeship to patriotism; "True, (replied Mr. Garrick,) *but he is now out of his time*."

A plain, downright Berkshire countryman, being a witness in a cause at Guildhall, was asked by Mr. Wallace, the council for the opposite party, "How now, you fellow in the leathern doublet, what are you to have for swearing?"—"Please your worship, (quoth the countryman,) if you get no more by bawling and lying than I do by swearing, you will soon be in a leathern doublet as well as I."

Mr. Dias, a well-known Jew-bail, and remarkable for the great quantity of lace on his clothes, was offering himself as bail for a party, in a cause depending before Lord Mansfield; the attorney for the plaintiff, doubted Mr. Dias as sufficient bail. Lord Mansfield asked the attorney, how he could doubt it, for he was sure that the *gentleman* would burn for more.

One of the Kings of Denmark, when in England, told the King and the Duke of Gloucester, one day at St. James's, that since he had been married, he was grown fat; to which the King replied, "That if he

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would

would ride with him, and walk with his brother, and do justice to his sister, he would not grow fat."

Some French ladies of quality were talking in the presence of the Queen of France, what a greater idea the French had of the Grand Monarque, than any other nation had of their King. "The French, (says the Countess d'Artois,) consider their King as of a higher rank than mere mortals, and include divinity in their idea of their royal personage."—"I believe you are right, (says the Queen, smiling,) for I know my royal consort better than any of his subjects, and he has never yet appeared to me to be like other men."

A celebrated gambler, well known by the name of the *left-handed lord*, being detected at Southampton secreting a card; the company, in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out of a one pair of stairs room, where they were playing. The left-handed lord meeting Mr. Garrick some time after, was loudly complaining of the usage, and asked what he should do? "Do, (said Mr. Garrick,) why it is a clear case, never play so *high* as long as you live."

Lord Derby, upon his return from making the grand tour, was one day at York Coffee-house, in St. James's Street, recounting the many presents he had made him whilst abroad; especially a rich bridle from the King of France; the ornaments of which were of gold, "It is so *ex-qui-site-ly* fine, (said his Lordship, addressing himself to General Gage,) that it is a pity it should be used in the mouth of a filthy horse; what shall I do with it General?"—"Put it on your own tongue," (replied Gage).

When Sir Watkin Lewis was knighted by the present King, he happened to stumble as he was rising, and endeavouring

endeavouring to make some apology, "It is I that ought to be ashamed," replied his Majesty.

Queen Caroline having some distant notion of enclosing St. James's Park, entirely for the use of the Royal Family, consulted Lord Chesterfield about the expences; who said, "Why, Madam, I think it may cost you about *three crowns*."

The first time that Dr. Goldsmith was introduced to Lord She—e, the conversation, in a very mixed company, after supper, turned upon politicks; when the Doctor, (who was at times absent,) very gravely asked across the table, "Pray, my Lord, what is the reason the snarlers in the newspapers call you *Malagrida*?"—"Indeed, Doctor, (answered Lord Shel—ne, rather confused,) I do not know." "Why really, (continues the doctor,) it is very surprising, "for *Malagrida*, your lordship knows, was a very honest man."

When Mr. Garrick heard that Dr. Kenrick was going to give public lectures on the beauties of Shakespeare in Mary-le-bone Gardens, "Well, (says he,) let the Dr. take care of the fate of our first parents, a fall in the garden."

A well-beneficed old parson having a large company to dinner; entertained them with nothing else but the situation and profits of his parochial livings, which at last, (he said,) he kept entirely to himself. The company in general despised him too much to make any remarks on his self-importance; but Quin, the player, being one of the party, and observing the parson as he stretched across the table, to shew a pair of very dirty yellow hands, he immediately called out; "So, so, doctor, I think you do keep your glebe in your own hands with a witness."

O. 2

Mr.

Mr. Twiss bragging of his travels, one day upon his return from making the tour of France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Holland, and Ireland, (lady Ligonier, who had eloped with a post-poy said,) “that she had seen as many countries as he.” “I beg your pardon, my lady I had forgot, that my post-boy had a companion.”

An old countryman, named Dobson, who was married to a termagant wife, went one Sunday to the parish-church, and heard the parson preach from the following words, “Take up your cross and follow me.” Dobson was more than ordinary attentive to the discourse, and as soon as church was done, went directly home, and taking his wife upon his back by force, ran as fast as he was able after the parson; who seeing how the fellow was loaded, and following him, asked him “what was the reason of his carrying his wife in that manner?” “Why, what a plague, cries Dobson, has your memory forgot already? did not your reverence tell us, that we must take up our cross and follow me? and I am sure this is the greatest cross I have in the world, so pray Mr. parson keep your word, or I’ll follow you to the devil.”

Queen Caroline, asked John Duke of Argyle, “what sort of people, the Highland chieftains were?” “Please your Majesty, (replied the Duke,) they are just such beings as your German princes are.”

When the late Philip York, Earl of Hardwicke, was Lord Chanc—r, the authenticity of a will of one of his deceased friends, was litigated before him. As his Lordship expected to be mentioned as principal legatee in this will, and found his expectations baulked, he took no small pains to destroy its validity, by brow-beating the witnesses, and succeeded in this laudable purpose beyond his hopes, every one of them being disconcerted except

except one, who was a country farmer; this honest yeoman persisted in his evidence; through all the subtil windings of cross examination, he steadily asserted that the will was authentic, and that he had put his hand to it as a witness. "Pray, (said the Lord,) in what year, and on what day did you witness this will?" "I cannot be positive as to the particular day, (replied the farmer,) but this I well remember, that when I came out of the house from doing it, I was told that old York the attorney, your father, had hanged himself." This blunt declaration struck his Lordship dumb; and the will was acknowledged legal and authentic.

The Prince of Orange, afterwards King Wm. III. preparing for an expedition; one of his officers begged to know what his intentions were? "Can you keep a secret?" (said the Prince,) "I can, sir, (replied the officer.) "And so can I, said William."

Two Irishmen having travelled on foot, from Chester to Barnet, were very much tired with their journey; and the more so, when they were told they had still about ten miles to London. "By my shoul, (cries one of them,) it is but five miles a-piece, let's e'en walk on."

Mr. Stavelly, a staunch patriot, who thought that every action of Mr. Wilkes's life was as sanctimonious as any act of the Apostles, one day talking of many stories circulated about the Alderman's deism and irreligion, said, they were all a pack of lies, and raised by the court party to hurt him with the people; and then very gravely gave us an instance of his Christianity—his having cheated a Jew.

The Duke of Manchester, in the debate on the bill brought into the house of Peers, by the Bishop of Landaff, to prevent adultery; exposed the vices and irregularities

larities of the clergy, and vindicated the gentlemen of the army from some imputations unjustly thrown upon them. The Archbishop of Canterbury, irritated at the nature, as well as the length of his speech; desired to know, "When that noble Lord would leave off preaching?" (the Duke replied,) "The very day his Majesty makes me a Bishop."

The late Mr. Sterne, being at a coffee-house in York, Charles Turner came in, who gave much offence to the company, consisting chiefly of gentlemen of the gown; by descanting too freely upon religion, and the hypocrisy of the clergy; Mr. Turner at length addressed himself to Mr. Sterne, asking him, "what were his sentiments upon the subject?" when instead of answering him directly, he told the witling, "that his dog was reckoned one of the most beautiful pointers in the whole county, was very good natured, but that he had an infernal trick which destroyed all his good qualities—"he never sees a clergyman, (continued Sterne,) but he always flies at him." "How long has he had that trick, (said the other,) Sir?" "Ever since he was a puppy."

A pert young fellow in company with a lady of easy virtue, meeting Dr. Giffard in the foot path, behind the British Museum, asked him, in raillery, what age he was? "I can't tell precisely, (said the Doctor,) but this I know, and would have you also know, that an ass is older at twenty than a man at sixty."

Mr. Pope, who was very much deformed, having a dispute with a hackney coachman, swore by his usual oath, "God mend me," "God mend me!" (says the coachman,) "God Almighty could make a score in the time that you would take to be mended."

Mr. Twiss a great traveller, was talking of a church he

he saw in Spain, which was a mile and a half long. " Bless my soul! (said Mr. Garrick, wondering,) and how broad was it?" " About ten yards, (said Twiss.) This is, you'll observe gentlemen, (said Mr. Garrick,) not a round lie; but differs from his other stories, which are generally as broad as they are long."

Mr. Garrick going up Holborn, when a great mob was gathered together to see a criminal pass to Tyburn, asked Mr. Lockyer Davis, who was standing at his shop door, what was the name of the person going to his fatal exit, and what was his crime?" " Mr. Davis (told him,) his name was Vowell, and his crime forgery." " Ah! (said Mr. Garrick,) do you know which of the vowells it is? for there are several of that name, however, (continued he,) it is certain, and I am very glad of it, that it is neither U, nor I."

The gallant Admiral, James, Duke of York, afterwards that priest-ridden monarch, James the Second, gained numbers of the Scotch by familiarity; when he and his second Dutchess went to Scotland, she one day observed three covers upon the dining table, " asked the Duke, for whom the third was intended?" (he answered,) " for General Dalziel, whom he had asked to dine with him." The Dutchess refused to permit a private gentleman to sit at table with her. Dalziel, who had been in the Imperial service, entered the room in the mean time, and hearing the scruple of the Dutchess, " told her, he had dined at a table when her father had stood at his back; alluding to the Duke of Modena's being a vassal of the Emperor's; " the Dutchess felt the reproof, and told the Duke she would never offend again the pride of proud men."

An Irish author desired his publisher to take lodgings for him; the publisher found an apartment in St. Paul's Church

Church Yard, which he thought would perfectly suit him. Honest paddy "desired to know if he had seen any thing that would answer, and where it was?" "In St. Paul's Church Yard," (replied the other.) "Pshaw, (resumed Teague,) what a pretty messenger you are to send on an expedition; did you ever hear of a man's going to live in a church-yard till after he was dead."

A wag some time ago advertised a carriage to perform without horses, with only one wheel, and invited the curious in mechanics see to it: many of the members of the Society of Arts attended; and in the ardour of expectation they were shewn—a Wheel-barrow.

One seeing an affected coxcomb buying books, told him, "his bookseller was properly his upholsterer, for he furnished his *room* rather than his *head*."

A lawyer and a physician having a dispute about precedence, referred it to Diogenes, who gave it in favour of the lawyer, in these terms: "Let the *thief* go before, and the *executioner* follow."

A person having two ungracious sons, the one robbed him of his money, and the other of his goods; his neighbour coming to condole with him, told him "he might sue the county, *for he was robbed between son and son*."

A person speaking to the Earl of C——d of the false taste of several people of quality, and their ignorance in many things that they pretend to understand; "Why, (said my Lord,) most of our people of quality judge of every thing by their *ears*, but the *opera*, and that they go to *see*."

A young woman in France, whose brother had embraced

braced the Protestant religion, was convicted of bastardy, and obliged to do public penance. The priest, after a severe reprimand, warned her, that as she had made a reparation for her own crime, she should never fall into her brother's. "Oh, Sir, (said she,) I would rather commit my fault a thousand times, than be once guilty of my brother's."

A simple bumkin, coming to London, was very much taken with the sight of a chair, or sedan, and bargained with the charmen to carry him to a place he named. The chairmen observing the curiosity of the clown to be suitable to the meanness of his habit, privately took out the bottom of the chair, and then put him into it, which when they took up, the countryman's feet were upon the ground, and, as the chairmen advanced, so did he; and to make the better sport, if any place was dirtier than the rest, that they chose to go through; the countryman not knowing but others used to be carried, or rather driven in the same manner, coming to his lodgings, gave them their demand. Returning into the country, he related what rare things he had seen in London, and withal, that he had been carried in a sedan: "Sedan, (quoth one,) what is that?" "Why, (said he,) like our watch-house, only it is covered with leather; but, were it not for the name of a sedan, a man might as well walk on foot."

An Anecdote.

As Foote and Wilkes one day went out

To view the country round,

In merry mood, they chatt'ring stood,

Hard by a village pound.

Wilkes from his pouch a shilling took,

And said, "I'll lay a penny,

In this same place, before your face,

I'll make this piece a guinea."

Upon

Upon the ground, within the pound,
 The shilling soon was thrown;
 " You see, (says Wilkes,) the thing's made out,
 For there is *one pound one*."
 " I wonder not, (says Foote,) that thought
 Should in your head be found,
For 'tis this way your debts you pay,
One shilling in the pound."

By Dean Swift.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
 He took to his heels, and ran for his life:
 Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
 And screen'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble.
 They ventur'd to give him some wholesome advice:
 But Tom is a fellow of humour so nice,
 Too proud to be counsell'd, too wise to take warning,
 He sent to all three a challenge next morning.
 He fought with all three, thrice ventur'd his life,
 Then went home again, and was thrash'd by his wife.

A Cure for Love.

Of two reliefs to cure a love-sick mind,
 Flavia prescribes despair: I urge, be kind:
 Flavia be kind: the remedy's as sure;
 'Tis the most pleasant, and the quickest cure.

Under the Picture of a Beau.

This vain thing set up for a man,
 But see what fate attends him:
 The powd'ring barber first began,
 The barber-surgeon ends him.

On an ugly Old Woman, in the dark.

Whilst in the dark, on thy soft hand I hung,
 And heard the tempting syren in thy tongue;

What

What flames, what darts, what anguish I endur'd
But, when the candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

*On a Gentleman's drinking the health of an unkind
Mistress.*

Why dost thou wish that she may live,
Whose living beauties make thee grieve :
Thou would'st more wisely wish her kind,
That she may change her cruel mind ;
Thy present wish but this can gain,
That she may live, and thou complain.

Upon the stealing a pound of Candles.

Light-finger'd Catch, to keep his hand in use,
Stole any thing ; of this you may be sure,
That he thinks all his own which once he handles,
For practice-sake did steal a pound of candles ;
Was taken in the fact : Oh, foolish wight !
To steal such things as needs must come to light.

The Dart.

Whene'er I look, I may descry,
A little face peep thro' that eye ;
Sure that's the boy who wisely chose
His throne among such beams as those,
Which if his quiver chance to fall,
May serve for darts to kill withal.

On a very homely Lady that patched much.

Your homely face, Flippanta, you disguise,
With patches, numerous as Argus' eyes ;
I own that patching's requisite for you,
For more we're pleas'd, if less your face we view ;
Yet I advise, if my advice you ask,
Wear but one patch, but be that patch a mask.

*To a young Gentleman, who loved to drive hard with a
sorry pair of horses.*

Thy nags, the leanest things alive,
So very hard thou lov'st to drive,
I heard thy anxious coachman say,
It cost thee more in whips than hay.

An extraordinary Specimen of generous Economy.

Frank, who will any friend supply,
Lent me ten guineas—come, said I,
Give me a pen ; for, 'tis but fair
You take my note—quoth he, hold there,
Jack !—to the cash I've bid adieu ;
No need to waste my paper too.

Epigram.

This rain, says Dick, will raise the corn,
And ev'ry thing to life ;
No ! God forbid ! cries Ralph, you know
I lately lost my wife.

The Miser and the Mouse.

To a mouse, says a miser, " My dear Mr. Mouse,
But, pray what may you please to want in my house ?"
Says the mouse, " Mr. Miser, pray keep yourself quiet,
Your safe in your person, your purse, and your diet ;
A lodging I want, which e'en you may afford ;
But none would come here to beg, borrow, or board."

On a Library, where the Books were in curious Bindings.

With eyes of wonder the gay shelves behold !
Poets—all rags alive—now clad in gold ;
In life and death one common fate they share,
And on their backs still all their riches wear.

On

On a Gentleman who expended his whole fortune in Horseracing.

John ran so long, and ran so fast,
No wonder he ran out at last.
He ran in debt, and then to pay,
He distanc'd all—and ran away.

To a Lady, on praising her Husband to Dr. Swift.

You always are making a god of your spouse ;
But this neither reason nor conscience allows ;
Perhaps you will say, 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him because he adores you.
Your argument's weak, and so you will find ;
For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind.

On stealing the body of a young Woman, to be anatomized, from St. Peter's Church Yard, Oxon, 1745.

For shame ! for shame ! Oxonians all,
And blush to hear it said,
“ Not pleas'd to steal the girls alive,
But must you steal them dead ? ”
Insatiate nature thus directs,
Nor is it strange, I own,
That those who love to taste the flesh,
Should like to pick the bone.

Epitaph on a Blacksmith.

My sledge and hammer lie reclin'd,
My bellows too have lost their wind ;
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
And in the dust my vice is laid ;
My coal is spent, my iron's gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done ;
My fire-dry'd corpse lies here at rest,
My soul, smoke like, is soaring to be blest.

P

Epitaph

Epitaph on an Unknown Person.

Without a name, for ever senseless, dumb,
 Dust, ashes, nought else, lies within this tomb.
 Where-e'er I liv'd or dy'd, it matters not ;
 To whom related, or by whom begot ;
 I was, but am not ; ask no more of me ;
 It's all I am, and all that thou must be.

On Nell Bachelor, a Pye-woman.

Beneath in the dust, the mouldy old crust
 Of Nell Bachelor lately was shoven ;
 Who was skill'd in the arts of pies, custards, and tarts,
 And knew ev'ry use of the oven.
 When she liv'd long enough, she made her last puff,
 A puff by her husband much prais'd ;
 Now here she does lie, and makes a dirt-pye,
 In hopes that her crust will be rais'd,

*On the late facetious Harry Howard, written by himself,
and found amongst his papers after his decease.*

Here lies a blade, who all his life
 With fortune led perpetual strife ;
 He rov'd about from place to place,
 T' avoid a dun, or bailiff's face :
 But now he's gone, nor fears a bum,
 His debts are paid, and he's at home ;
 So, after many seasons past,
 He's fix'd, and found a house at last.

On a Tallow Chandler.

Here lies Ned Stockdale, honest fellow,
 Who dy'd by fat, and liv'd by tallow ;
 His light before men always shone,
 His mould is underneath this stone ;

Then,

Then, taking things by the right handle,
 Is not this life a farthing candle?
 The longest age but a watch taper,
 A torch, blown out by ev'ry vapour;
 To-day 'twill burn, to-morrow blink,
 And end, as mortals, in a flink:
 If this be true, then worthy Ned
 Is a wax-light among the dead;
 His fluted form still sheds perfume,
 And scatters lustre round his tomb.
 Then, what is mortal life? why, tush,
 This mortal life's not worth a rush.

On a Country Cobler.

Beneath this green hillock lies honest Dick Hall,
 Whose service was courted by fair, brown, nay all;
 For his life was employ'd just to keep, in foul weather,
 All harm from your feet, by the strength of his leather.
 His wax was so smooth, his ends were so strong,
 His workmanship good, and so pleasing his song,
 That the neighbours would oft at his stall listen hours,
 To hear Derry down—Hearts of Oak—Social Pow'rs.
 And though it seems strange, for, truth, 'tis well known,
 He'd repair other *soles*, but neglected his own;
 Yet, wishing the future might mend by the past,
 He liv'd fifty years, and then—Death stole his last.

Epitaph on a Rover.

Here bows to earth, where all must bow,
 A man devoid of care;
 Who ate and drank—the Lord knows how!
 And lodg'd—the Lord knows where!
 But death, a penetrating scout,
 Would stop his worldly roam,
 Hence flily pump'd his living out,
 And fix'd his wav'ring home.

The dying Rake's Soliloquy.

From folly to vice, and from vice to the grave,
 Behold I am hastening, half fool and half knave.
 When my health and my fortune to riot gave way,
 And my vigour and pow'rs felt a total decay,
 The doctors were call'd, who, by virtue of fees,
 Pronounc'd that their skill could remove the disease:
 But, reduc'd by their arts, and quite worn to a lath,
 My carcase was sent to the vultures at Bath:
 When drench'd and well drain'd by the faculty there,
 All the hope that remain'd was—to try native air.
 Scarce a doit in my purse, or a drop in my veins,
 To my old mortgag'd house they convey my remains:
 No friend to assist, no relation to grieve,
 And scarcely a bed my bare bones to receive;
 With solitude curs'd, and tormented with pain,
 Distemper'd my body, distracted my brain;
 No more by debauch, or companions deceiv'd,
 But dreading that vengeance I once disbeliev'd;
 Encompass'd with horrors, and each mortal evil,
 I wait for the passport of death to the d—l.

*A curious Collection of ENIGMAS, with their
 Solutions.*

1. Kind gentlemen, I'd have you know,
 You follow me where'er you go;
 For if to worship you repair,
 I ready am to lead you there;
 And if your feet should go astray,
 I am the first to lead the way.
 But pray take heed to what you hear,
 I neither praise nor blame will bear.
 You'll find me dress'd in red or white;
 More strange, I never saw the light.
 When such an one then leads the way,
 No wonder that you go astray.

Alas!

Alas! how weak is human kind,
 Thus to be led by one that's blind,
 And deaf, and dumb ; no wonder then,
 Mishaps befall the sons of men.
 For if the blind do lead the blind,
 You know the woe that is behind.

The Nose.

2. Long had I thro' the country rov'd,
 A friend to rich and poor approv'd,
 None seeming properly secur'd,
 Whose peace by me was not assur'd ;
 Before a prying artist came,
 And well examining my frame,
 With positive averment said,
 Were due improvements to be made,
 More service might by me be done,
 Than I had yet been put upon.
 He said, and instantly to shew,
 He said no more than what was true,
 Clapt fit additions to me, and
 I now empower'd am to stand
 Th' upholder of a sinking land.

A STAMPED RECEIPT.

3. In palaces and flattering courts,
 And where deceitful vice resorts,
 'Tis seldom I appear ;
 But in grave philosophic cells,
 Where peace with moral virtue dwells,
 I'm constant tenant there.
 The pious man makes me his choice,
 'Tis I, with bold and fearless voice,
 Proclaim the oppressed's right ;
 The choicest gem on Albion's coasts,

And happy he that justly boasts,
In me to take delight.

TRUTH.

4. Stern winter had the plains forsook,
And spring had clad the trees in green ;
So in the field a walk I took,
To view the charming beauteous scene.
And musing as I walk'd along,
A castle of defence I spy'd,
Well guarded by a sturdy throng,
With sharpen'd spears on ev'ry side.
Roof'd was its top with nicest art,
Two doors for entrance it contain'd,
The seat of bliss it seem'd in part,
For pleasure unmolested reign'd.
But earthly joys last but awhile,
For know some tyrants, void of thought,
Soon after found the beauteous pile,
And quickly its destruction wrought.

A MAGPIE'S NEST.

5. Of shallow parts, and fickle birth,
No lighter characters on earth ;
Fair as the fairest lady's face,
Or black as is the negro race ;
Of graceful speech have all the air,
Yet dumb as block, or stone, yet fair ;
With meagre look and low'ring mien,
Like one wrapt in deep study seen,
Or lordly seem, and full of pride,
Smiling and beauteous as a bride,
Or any thing on earth beside.
Yet as the greatest blockhead dull,
And silly as the biggest fool.
My substance, and the space I fill,
To find, requires a greater skill

Than

Than his, who, in an air-balloon,
 Makes the first voyage to the moon.
 What am I, that each sparkling toast
 That happy Britain now can boast,
 Or most conceited coxcomb elves,
 Admire more than they do themselves ?

REFLECTION OF A MIRROR.

6. In a barn or a cottage I often appear,
 But when in a palace, O how the folks stare !
 Nor me nor my mother can ladies endure,
 For I, like the ladies, have charms to allure ;
 And dare to assert it, nor vain is the boast,
 My captives out-number the slaves of a toast.
 My captives supported, adhere all to me,
 Though I, for my part, was not made to be free.
 Secur'd by my mother, in some snug retreat,
 I'm bound to support her, whene'er she thinks meet ;
 Till some cruel wretch our residence spy,
 Then, forc'd to submit, we come down from on high ;
 When death and destruction too often ensue,
 We are tortur'd, abus'd, nay and trampled on too.

A SPIDER'S WEB.

7. I reign and rule with a despotic sway ;
 Yet do my people willingly obey.
 No opposition to my will is known,
 Much less does bold rebellion shake my throne.
 How should it, when I and my subjects act
 In all things as right reason does direct ?
 They, with industrious loyal care, provide
 Whatever I can wish to have supply'd ;
 Whatever pleasure prompts me to desire,
 Or my due state and dignity require.
 They're always ready too their lives to spend,
 My state, my life, my honour to defend.
 I, in return, convince them 'tis my great
 And constant work, to aggrandize the state.

Oh !

Oh ! that all sov'reigns so well understood
 They govern only for their country's good !
 Oh ! that all subjects, by like care, would shew
 They know how best their welfare to pursue !

A QUEEN BEE.

8. Here's one who has a great desire,
 In th' enigmatic lists to shine :
 I partly took my birth from fire,
 And by your kind indulgence reign.
 Bright is my face, my back is white,
 My coat is of a different hue ;
 In me the ladies take delight ;
 I'm sometimes false and sometimes true.
 In character like the ladies fair,
 I'm pure, but of a fragile frame,
 And, gents, as I your favour share,
 Be kind enough to tell my name.

A LOOKING GLASS.

9. In variegated robes I'm seen,
 By purling rills, or on the green,
 Where I have pleas'd both nymphs and swains,
 To see me hasten o'er the plains.
 From these few words you'll clearly see,
 A living creature I must be.
 But I have namesakes not a few,
 Who ne'er the glorious sun did view,
 Yet plainly shew their master's right,
 As clear as you who see the light.
 Reverse my name, you'll find me then,
 Residing with the sons of men,
 Number'd among the wicked throng,
 Because I've done my neighbours wrong.

A RAIL. *Reversed*, A LIAR.

10. Amaz'd, with rev'rence make us room,
 From great authority we come,

Like

Like busy flies in summer time,
 To punish e'er we prove the crime.
 Tho' grown to be of wond'rous worth,
 Pride and contention brought us forth.
 We rule with a tyrannic sway,
 Both rich and poor we make obey.
 'Tho' born of both the wise and silly,
 Our fire, of late, is Bonny Willy.

TAXES.

11. Where no mortal was ever yet known long to live,
 Without aid of a midwife my birth I receive;
 And as soon as I'm born, thro' the air I take flight,
 And no more see the parent that brought me to light;
 For my motion's so rapid you scarce me descry,
 Whilst I'm winging my course betwixt earth and the sky.
 If you take off my head, my remains will declare,
 A place where the ladies and gents oft repair,
 To view nature in bloom, and inhale the fresh air.
 And again, take a quarter from what you now view,
 A place of retreat it will instantly shew,
 That secreted some hundreds from danger and woe,
 While thousands were hurl'd to destruction below.

A SPARK.

12. Direct—by the nation I'm found in a chest,
 And sometimes, by her eagle-ey'd son, in a nest.
 Reverse—wicked persons to torments I send,
 And yet to the virtuous am bliss without end.

A DRAWER. *Reversed,* REWARD.

13. Not art, but nature, gave me birth,
 I fed am by the fruitful earth;
 Quite public ever I appear,
 A sturdy hero thro' the year.
 When Boreas with great fury blows,
 And frost succeeds the falling snows,

Or

Or rapid hail falls from the skies,
 Or rain, with cloudy forces flies,
 Unaw'd, I ne'er forsake my station,
 Unless against an inclination;
 For, when mature, and strong and tall,
 I'm slain, to raise the stately hall;
 Or polish'd fair, and smooth, and fine,
 Adorn'd with glitt'ring colours, shine.
 If I no more should tempt the sea,
 Where would the pride of Britain be?

An Oak.

REBUSSES, *with their Explanations.*

1. A cake Italian, of a fragrant grace;
 An Irish preface to a princely race;
 Son of Lycurgus, by a serpent slain;
 A judge in Pluto's realms as poets feign;
 A feast kept by Apollo at Delphos,
 Or by a hunting goddess at Argos.
 Th' initials join with care, you then may view
 The writer's name. This you'll find is true.

MOORE.

2. Two thirds of a thing men of learning best know;
 Add to half of a fruit that in England will grow;
 With half a strong warrior in holy writ nam'd;
 Will shew a commander for boldness much fam'd:
 A Westmoreland hero, who fought on the main,
 And the honour of knighthood did justly obtain.

PEARSON.

3. Three fifths of a place where an army oft lies,
 The head of a creature that in the night cries;
 To these add eight furlongs; you need have no more;
 It will tell you an herb of great use to the poor

And

And rich. A plant hardy, whose vigorous shoot
Can flourish, and still bear the trampler's foot.

CAMOMILE.

4. The place where pow'r divine
Chang'd water into wine,
The passion Adam's mind
Felt when he Eve did find.
Where Noah's ark first stood
On land, after the flood.
A king grown melancholy
At his and at other's folly.
A name of great renown,
Five times on England's thrown.
The mountain of ascension,
You're next desir'd to mention
In th' second age, whose pow'r
First founded Babel's tow'r.
Where does (the initials tell)
Your humble servant dwell.

CLAXTON.

5. There are just half a dozen brave heroes, ye bards,
Who've the honour to stand as his majesty's guards:
But suppose half the number dismiss'd you will find
To your utter surprize, there's but one left behind.
A PALACE OF THRONE.

6. Verse, or reverse, yet the same,
Three letters still compose my name:
I cloth the naked, feed the poor,
Enigmatists my name explore.

AN EWE.

7. Howsoever strange th' expression,
There's a thing in your possession,
Which your acquaintance never had,
Yet oft'ner use than you 'tis said.

YOUR NAME

8. 1

8. If you one hundred thousand pound,
To twenty hundred weight would join ;
A nymph will quickly then be found,
Where wit and beauty both combine.

PLUMPTON.

9. My *first* parts terrific, uncertain, and sure ;
My *next* moves in gold, and the bright fair allure ;
My whole is a thing that makes love in the night,
And often does weak silly mortals affright.

DEATH-WATCH.

10. Three letters do compose my name ;
Read forward, backward, I'm the same.
Without my aid it is a doubt,
If you could find this rebus out.

EYE.

11. My *first*, of polish'd ivory's loveliest hue,
The fairest work of nature's hand divine ;
My *next*, or finely decks Sir Topling beau,
Or does young Delia's shapeless waist confine.
My whole entwines my first, and gives an air
Of elegance and grandeur to the fair.

NECKLACE.

12. My *first* makes sweet music, oft heard in the sky,
My *next* makes the courser for speed seem to fly,
My whole's a fit present for Flora the fair,
To put in her bosom, or deck out her hair.

LARKSPUR.

A Collection of MORAL SENTENCES.

1. The highest of ability consists in a thorough knowledge of the real value of things, and of the genius of the age we live in.

2. It

2. It requires no small degree of ability to know when to conceal one's ability.

3. Few men are able to know all the ill they do.

4. The character of a man's native country is as strongly impressed on his mind, as its accent is on his tongue.

5. There are some affairs, and distempers, which ill-timed remedies make worse; and great ability is requisite to know when it is dangerous to apply them.

6. There are no accidents so unlucky, but the prudent may draw some advantage from them: nor are there any so lucky, but the imprudent may turn them to their prejudice.

7. How brilliant soever an action may be, it ought not to pass for great when it is not the effect of a great design.

8. There ought to be a certain proportion between our designs and actions, if we would reap from them all the advantage they might be productive of.

9. We should often be ashamed of our best actions, if the world saw all their motives.

10. To praise great actions is in some sort to share them.

11. Our actions are like blank-rhimes, to which every one applies what sense he pleases.

12. Nothing is less sincere than the manner of asking, and giving advice. He who asks it, seems to have a respectable deference for the opinion of his friend; though he only aims at making him prove his own, and be responsible for his conduct. And he who gives it, repays the confidence reposed in him by a seemingly disinterested zeal; though he seldom means any thing by the advice he gives, but his own interest or reputation.

13. We can give advice, but we cannot give conduct.

Q

14. W

14. We had better appear what we are, than affect to appear what we are not.

15. There are in affliction several kinds of hypocrisy. In one, under pretence of bewailing the loss of a person, who was dear to us, we bewail ourselves. We regret the good opinion the deceased had of us; we weep over the diminution of our fortune, our pleasure, our credit. This is a kind of hypocrisy: because in this sort of affliction we impose on ourselves. There is another hypocrisy, which is less innocent, because it imposes on the world. This is the affliction of such as aspire to the glory of a great and immortal sorrow. When time, which consumes all things, has worn out the grief they really had; they still persist obstinately in their tears, lamentations, and sighs. They assume a mournful behaviour; and labour by all their actions to demonstrate that their affliction will not in the least abate till death. This disagreeable, troublesome vanity, is common among ambitious women. As their sex bars all paths to play, they endeavour to render themselves famous by the ostentation of an inconsolable affliction. Another species of tears there is, whose shallow springs easily overflow, and dry easily. People cry to acquire the reputation of being tender; they cry to be pityed; they cry to be cry'd over; they even cry to avoid the scandal of not crying.

16. We judge so superficially of things, that common words and actions, spoke and done in an agreeable manner, with some knowledge of what passes in the world, often succeed beyond the greatest ability.

17. When great men suffer themselves to be subdued by the length of their misfortunes, they discover that the strength of ambition, not of their understanding, was what supported them; and that, bating a little vanity, heroes are just like other men.

18. Few things are impracticable in themselves; and
it

it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success.

19. We often pass from love to ambition; but seldom return from ambition to love.

20. In every profession every one affects to appear what he would willingly be thought: so that we may say, that the world is compassed of nothing but appearances.

21. Extreme avarice almost always makes mistakes. There is no passion that often misses its aim; nor on which the present has so much influence, in prejudice of the future.

22. Avarice often produces contrary effects. There are many people who sacrifice their whole fortunes to dubious and distant expectations; and there are others who contemn great future, for little present, advantages.

23. We like better to see those on whom we confer benefits, than those from whom we receive them.

24. Men are not only apt to forget benefits, and injuries; but even to hate those who have obliged them, and to cease to hate those who have injured them. The very attention to requite kindnesses, and revenge wrongs, seems an insupportable slavery.

25. Every body almost takes pleasure in returning small obligations, many people acknowledge moderate ones; but there is scarce any one who does not repay great ones with ingratitude.

26. Civility is a desire to receive civilities, and to be accounted well-bred.

27. The clemency of princes is often but a piece of policy to gain the affection of their subjects.

28. Confidence has a greater share in conversation than wit.

29. We bear, all of us, the misfortunes of other people with heroic constancy.

30. The constancy of the wise, is only the art of keeping their perturbations to themselves.

31. Constancy in love is a constant inconstancy; that attaches us successively to all the good qualities of the person beloved; giving sometimes the preference to one, sometimes to another. So that this constancy is only inconstancy confined to one object.

32. We sometimes condemn the present, by praising the past; and shew our contempt of what now is, by our esteem for what is no more.

33. One reason why we meet with so few people who are reasonable and agreeable in conversation is, that there is scarce any one who don't think more of what he has to say, than of answering exactly what is said to him. Even those who have the most address and complaisance, think they do enough if they only seem attentive; at the same time, that one may perceive in their eyes and minds, a distraction as to what is addressed to them, and an impatience to return to what they were saying: not reflecting that to be thus studious of pleasing themselves, is but a bad way to please or convince others; and that to hear patiently, and answer precisely, are the greatest perfections of conversation,

34. The only good copies are those that point out the ridicule of bad originals.

35. All women are coquets: though all women don't practice coquetry; because some are restrained by fear, or reason.

36. There are crimes which become innocent, and even glorious, through their splendor, number, and excess: hence it is, that public theft is called address; to seize on provinces unjustly, to make conquests.

37. Those who are incapable of great crimes, don't readily suspect others of them.

38. The common practice of cunning is a sign of a small genius; and it almost always happens, that those
who

who use it to cover themselves in one place, lay themselves open in another.

39. The sure way to be cheated is to fancy ourselves more cunning than others.

40. Death, and the sun, can't be looked at steadily.

41. We can't bear to be deceived by our enemies, and betrayed by our friends; yet are often content to be so served by ourselves.

42. When our friends have deceived us, we have a right to be indifferent to their professions of friendship; but we ought always to retain a sensibility for their misfortunes.

43. There are some disguised falsehoods so like truths, that it would be to judge ill, not to be deceived by them.

44. There is as much eloquence in the tone of voice, in the look, and in the gesture of an orator; as in the choice of words.

45. We often glory in most criminal passions; but envy is a shameful passion we never dare own.

46. Nothing is so catching as example; nor is there ever great good or ill done, that don't produce its like. We imitate good actions through emulation; and bad ones through the malignity of our nature which shame restrains, and example emancipates.

47. A great genius will sincerely acknowledge both his defects and perfections: for it is a weakness not to own the good or ill that is in us.

48. It is more difficult to be faithful to a mistress on good terms with her, than when on bad.

49. Did we never flatter ourselves, the flattery of others could never hurt us.

50. He who lives without folly is not so wise as he imagines.

51. Old fools are greater than young ones.

52. We should manage our fortune as our constitution;

tion; enjoy it when good, have patience when it is bad, and never apply violent remedies, but in cases of necessity.

53. It is more honourable to distrust a friend, than to be deceived by him.

54. The glory of great men ought always to be rated according the means used to quiet it.

55. Good sense should be the test of all rules, both ancient and modern; whatever is incompatible therewith is false.

56. Not all who discharge their debts of gratitude, should flatter themselves that they are grateful.

57. We take less pains to be happy, than to appear so.

58. Acquired honour is surety for more.

59. Jealousy is always born with love, but don't always die with it.

60. Innocence don't find near so much protection as guilt.

61. Interest speaks all languages, and acts all parts, even that of the disinterested person.

62. Love, like fire, can't subsist without continual motion; and ceases to exist, as soon as it ceases hope or fear.

63. Opportunities make us known to ourselves and others.

64. Of all the violent passions, love best becomes a woman.

65. He who is pleased with nobody, is much more unhappy than he with whom nobody is pleased.

66. We blame ourselves only to extort praise.

67. We are not able to act up to our reason.

68. How can we expect any body should keep our secrets, when it is more than we can do ourselves.

69. Titles, instead of exalting, debase those who don't act up to them.

70. Most women yield through weakness rather than passion;

passion ; whence it happens, that enterprizing men commonly succeed better with them than others, though they be not more amiable.

71. Valour in private soldiers is a dangerous trade they have took up to get a livelyhood.

SELECT SONGS.

There are Women as artful as They.

MY pride is to hold all mankind in my chain,
The conquest I prize, tho' the slaves I disdain,
I'll tease them and vex them,
I'll plague and perplex them,
Since men try all arts our weak sex to betray,
I'll shew them—a woman's as artful as they.

Young Damon pursu'd me and Strephon, vain youth,
They meant to deceive, yet they boasted of truth,
They knelt and they trembled,
I smil'd and dissembled,
I saw all their arts were meant to betray,
And prov'd—there are women as artful as they.

Then hear me, ye nymphs, my council believe,
Resist all their wiles, and deceivers deceive ;
Their canting and whining,
Their sighing and pining,
Are all meant as baits our weak sex to betray ;
Then prove—there are women as artful as they.

In praise of Prince WILLIAM HENRY.

THE foes of old England, (France, Holland, and Spain,)
Made bold by indulgence insulted the main,
The flag of defiance together unfurl'd,
And at England, old England, their vengeance they hurl'd;
When

When Neptune arose from his watery throne,
 In a coral-clad suit, he most beautiful shone,
 He call'd for his Tritons and bid them repair,
 To the court of great George, for young William
 was there;

He's royal, he's noble, and chosen by me,
 This isle to protect, and reign Prince of the Sea.

O'erjoy'd at the message, the youth rear'd his head,
 "I'll fight like a Prince," were the words that he said,
 "The cause of my country I'll boldly espouse,
 To the sea I am wedded, and give her my vows,
 With Rodney, with Digby, with Lockhart I'll go,
 And die, but I'll conquer each insolent foe."

The Tritons reported the words that he said,
 And Spain heard the plaudits by Neptune then paid;
 He's royal, he's noble, and chosen by me,
 Briton's isle to protect, and reign Prince of the Sea.

The Cheats of Apology.

LOOK round the wide world, each profession you'll find,
 Hath something dishonest which mystery they call;
 Each knave points at others, at home he's stark blind,
 Except but his own, there's a cheat in them all.
 When tax'd with impostor, the charge he'll evade,
 And like Falstaff pretends, he but lives by his trade.

The statesman who steers by wise Machiavel's rules;
 Is ne'er to be known by his tongue or his face,
 They're traps by him us'd, to catch credulous fools,
 And breach of his promise he counts no disgrace;
 But policy calls it reproach to evade;
 For flattery's his province, cajoling his trade.

The lawyer as oft on the wrong side as right,
 Who tortures for fee the true sense of the laws,
 While black, he by sophistry proves to be white;
 And falsehood and perjury lists in his cause;

With steady assurance all blame will evade,
His client's his care, and he follows his trade.

Since then in all stations imposters are found,
No one of another can justly complain,
The coin he receives will pass current around,
And when he is cozen'd he cozens again,
And I, who for cheats this apology made,
Cheat the world with a song, for singing's my trade.

The entered Apprentice's Song.

COME let us prepare,
We brothers that are,
Assembled on merry occasion;
Let's drink, laugh, and sing,
Our wine has a spring,
Here's health to an accepted mason.

The world is in pain,
Our secrets to gain,
And still let them wonder and gaze on;
Till they're brought to the light,
They'll ne'er know the right
Word or sign of an accepted Mason.

'Tis this and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Why so many great men of the nation;
Shou'd aprons put on,
To make themselves one,
With a free and an accepted Mason.

Great Kings, Dukes, and Lords;
Have laid by their swords,
Our myst'ry to put a good grace on;
And thought themselves fam'd,
To hear themselves nam'd,
With a free and an accepted mason.

Antiquitsy,

Antiquity's pride,
 We have on our side,
 Which makes men just in their station;
 There's naught but what's good,
 To be understood,
 By a free and an accepted mason.

We're true and sincere,
 And just to the fair,
 They'll trust us on any occasion;
 No mortal can more,
 The ladies adore,
 Than a free and an accepted mason.

Then join hand in hand,
 By each brother firm stand,
 Let's be merry and put a bright face on;
 What mortal can boast,
 So noble a toast,
 As a free and an accepted mason.

The Secretary's Song.

YE brethren of the ancient craft,
 Ye fav'rite sons of fame;
 Let bumpers cheerfully be quaff'd
 To each good mason's name:
 Happy, long happy, may he be,
 Who loves and honours masonry.

With a fa, la, la, &c.

In vain would D'Anvers, with his wit,
 Our slow resentment raise:
 What he and all mankind have writ,
 But celebrates our praise;
 His wit his only truth imparts,
 That masons have firm faithful hearts.

With a fa, la, la, &c.

Ye

Ye British fair, for beauty fam'd,
 Your slaves we wish to be ;
 Let none for charms like your's be nam'd,
 That loves not masonry ;
 This maxim D'Anvers proves full well,
 That masons never kiss and tell.

With a fa, la, la, &c.

Free masons no offences give,
 Let fame your worth declare ;
 Within your compass wisely live,
 And act upon the square ;
 May peace and friendship e'er abound,
 And every masons health go round.

With a fa, la, la, &c.

In praise of Masonry.

YE people who laugh at masons, draw near,
 Give ear to my song, without any sneer ;
 And if you'll have patience you soon shall see,
 What a noble art is masonry.

There's none but an atheist can ever deny,
 But that this great art came first from on high ;
 The Almighty God shall be proven to be,
 The first Grand Master of masonry.

He took up his compass with masterly hand,
 He stretched out his hand, and measur'd the land ;
 He laid the foundations o' th' earth and the sea,
 By his known rules of masonry.

Our first father Adam, deny it who can,
 A mason was made as soon as a man ;
 And a fig-leaf apron at first wore he,
 In token of's love to masonry.

The principal law our lodge does approve,
 Is that we should live in brotherly love ;

Thus

Thus Cain was banish'd, by Heaven's decree,
For breaking the rules of masonry.

The temple that wise king Solomon rais'd,
For beauty, for order, for elegance prais'd;
To what did it owe its elegance?
To the just form'd rules of masonry.

But should I pretend in this humble verse,
The merits of free-masons' art to rehearse;
Years yet to come too little would be,
To sing the praises of masonry.

Then hoping I've not detain'd you too long,
I here shall take leave to finish my song;
With a health to the master, and those that are free,
That live to the rules of masonry.

A Masonic Song.

A Mason's daughter, fair and young,
The pride of all the virgin throng,
Thus to her lover said:
'Tho', Damon, I your love approve,
Your actions praise, your person love,
Yet still—I'll live a maid.

None shall untie my virgin zone,
But one to whom the secret's known,
Of fam'd free-masonry;
By which the great and good combine,
To raise, with generous design,
Man to felicity.

The lodge excludes the fop and fool,
The plodding knave, and party tool,
That liberty would sell;
The noble, faithful, and the brave,
No golden charms can e'er deceive,
In slavery to dwell.

This

This said, he bow'd and went away,
Apply'd, was made without delay,

Return'd to her again :

The fair one granted his request,
Connubial joys their days have blest,
And may they e'er remain.

True Masonry.

I'LL sing you a song, as well as I can,
Will throw in a hint, on an excellent plan ;
Ne'er boast of your orders, who's noblest, or first,
Like old Æsop's frog, you may puff till you burst.

Derry down, &c.

I mean no affront, nor intend to reflect,
For of some noble orders I own much respect ;
So much for the preface : my song I'll pursue,
And strive to give merit, where merit is due.

Derry down, &c.

These talk much of love, and of many a good deed,
They brag how for truth they all methods exceed ;
Others cry up their mirth, and their social delight,
But masonic's the order, where those all unite.

Derry down, &c.

Some from Nimrod of old, and his bold hardy race,
And some from great Arthur their pedigree trace ;
But, compar'd with the mason, his idle parade,
For masonry was before Adam was made.

Derry down, &c.

In gaudy regalia some orders consist,
And their past-masters shine like the moon in a mist ;
Whilst others more splendid and brilliant appear,
But the mason's the sun all the rest should revere.

Derry down, &c.

Then fill up your glasses, prepare for a toast,
I'll mention no party, no pension, no post,

R

But

But may good order flourish till domseday, and then
May one order angelic unite all good men.

Derry down, &c.

Masonry, a Song.

Tune—"Rule Britannia," &c.

WHEN earth's foundation first was laid,
By the Almighty artist's hand,
'Twas then our perfect laws were made,
Establish'd by his strict command.

Chor. Hail mysterious ; hail, glorious masonry !
That makes us ever great and free.

As man throughout for shelter fought,
In vain from place to place did roam,
Until from Heaven he was taught
To plan, to build, to fix his throne.

Hail, mysterious, &c.

Hence, illustrious rose our art,
Which now in beauteous piles appear ;
Which shall to endless time impart,
How worthy and how great we are.

Hail, mysterious, &c.

Nor we less fam'd for every tie.
By which the human thought is bound ;
Love, truth, and friendship, socially
Join all our arts and hands around.

Hail, mysterious, &c.

Our actions still by virtue blest,
And to our precepts ever true,
The world, admiring, shall request
To learn, and our bright paths pursue.

Hail, mysterious, &c.

To Anacreon in Heaven.

TO Anacreon in heaven, where he sat in full glee,
 A few sons of harmony sent a petition,
 That he their inspirer and patron would be;
 When this answer arriv'd from the jolly old Grecian:—
 Voice, fiddle, and flute,
 No longer be mute,
 I'll lend you my name, and inspire you to boot;
 And besides I'll instruct you like me to entwine,
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.
 And besides, &c.

The news thro' Olympus immediately flew:
 When Old Thunder pretended to give himself airs—
 " If these mortals are suffered their scheme to pursue,
 " The devil a goddesses stay will above stairs.
 " Hark! already they cry,
 " In transports of joy,
 " Away to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly,
 " And there with good fellows we learn to entwine
 " The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.
 " And there, &c.

" The yellow-hair'd god, and his nine fusty maids,
 " From Helicon's bank will incontinent flee,
 " Idalia will boast but a tenantless shade,
 " And the bi-forked hill a mere desert will be.
 " My thunder, no fear on't,
 " Shall soon do its errand,
 " And quickly I'll swinge the ring-leaders, I warrant;
 " I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine
 " The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."
 I'll trim, &c.

Apollo rose up, and said, " Prithee ne'er quarrel,
 " Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries below:
 " Your thunder is useless,"—then shewing his laurel,
 Cry'd, "*Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know!

" Then over each head,

" My laurels I'll spread ; [dread,

" So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall

" Whilst snug in their club-room they jovially twine

" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Whilst snug, &c.

Next Momus got up, with his risible phiz,

And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join—

" The tide of full harmony still shall be his,

" But the song, and the catch, and the laugh shall be

" mine.

" Then Jove be not jealous

" Of these honest fellows." [tell us ;

Cry'd Jove, " We relent, since the truth you now

" And swear, by old Styx, that they long shall entwine

" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

And swear, &c.

Ye sons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand ;

Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love ;

'Tis your's to support what's so happily plan'd :

You've the sanction of God, and the fiat of Jove.

Whilst thus we agree,

Our toast let it be,

" May our club flourish happy, united, and free !

" And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine

" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

And long, &c.

Thou soft flowing Avon.

THOU soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,

Of things more than mortal thy Shakespeare would
dream ;

The fairies, by moonlight, dance round his green bed ;

For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

The fairies, &c.

The

The love-stricken maiden, the soft sighing swain,
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain.
The sweet bud of beauty no blight here shall dread ;
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

The sweet, &c.

Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their truth,
And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth.
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread ;
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

For the raptures, &c.

Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow !
Be the swans on thy borders still whiter than snow !
Ever full be thy stream ; like his fame may it spread !
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head.

Ever full, &c.

When once the Gods.

WHEN once the Gods, like us below,
To keep it up design,
Their goblets with full nectar flow,
Which makes them more divine.
Since drinking deifies the soul,
Let's push about the flowing bowl.

Since drinking, &c.

The glitt'ring star and ribbon blue,
That deck the courtier's breast,
May hide a heart of blackest hue,
Though by a King carefs'd.
Let him in pride and splendour roll ;
We're happier o'er a flowing bowl.

A flowing bowl, &c.

For liberty let patriots rave,
And damn the courtly crew,
Because, like them, they want to have
The loaves and fishes too.

I care not who divide the cole,
So I can share a flowing bowl.

A flowing bowl, &c.

Let Mansfield Lord Chief Justice be,

Sir Fletcher Speaker still ;

At home let Rodney rule the sea,

And Pitt the treasure fill :

No place I want throughout the whole,

I want an ever-flowing bowl.

A flowing bowl, &c.

The son wants square-toes at Old Nick,

And miss is mad to wed ;

The doctor wants us to be sick ;

The undertaker dead.

All have their wants from pole to pole ;

I want an ever-flowing howl.

A flowing bowl, &c.

Topfails shiver in the Wind.

THE topfails shiver in the wind,

The ship she casts to sea ;

But yet my heart, my soul, my mind,

Are, Mary, moor'd with thee.

For tho' thy sailer's bound afar,

Still love shall be his leading star.

For tho', &c.

Should landmen flatter when we're sail'd,

O, doubt their artful tales ;

No gallant sailer ever fail'd,

If love breath'd constant gales.

Thou art the compass of my soul,

Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Thou art, &c.

Sirens in every port we meet,

More fell than rocks and waves :

But such as grace the British fleet

Are lovers and not slaves :

No.

No foes our courage shall subdue,
Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

No foes, &c.

The Land of Delight.

AS you mean to set sail for the land of delight,
And in wedlock's soft hammock to swing every night ;
If you hope that your voyage successful should prove,
Fill your sails with affection, your cabins with love.

If you hope, &c.

Let your heart, like the main-mast be ever upright,
And the union you boast, like our tackle, be tight ;
Of the shoals of indiff'rence be sure to keep clear,
And the quicksands of jealousy never come near.

Of the shoals, &c.

But if vapours and whims, like sea-sickness prevail,
You must spread all your canvas, and catch the fresh gale.
For if brisk blows the wind, and there comes a rough sea,
You must lower your top-sails, and scud under lee.

For if brisk, &c.

If husbands e'er hope to live peaceable lives,
They must reckon themselves, give the helm to their wives :
For the smoother we sail, boys, we're safest from harm,
And on ship-board the head is still rul'd by the helm.

For the smoother, &c.

Then list to your pilot, my boys, and be wise ;
If my precepts you scorn, and my maxims despise,
A brace of proud antlers your brows may adorn ;
And a hundred to one but you double Cape Horn.

A brace of, &c.

Tune—" *Corn Riggs are Bonny.*"

LORD what care I for mam or dad !
Why let them scold and bellow ;
For while I live I'll love my lad,
He's such a charming a fellow.

The

The last fair day, on yonder green,
 The youth he danc'd so well, O;
 So spruce a lad was never seen,
 As my sweet charming fellow.

The fair was o'er, and night was come,
 The lad was somewhat mellow;
 Says he, my dear, I'll see you home:
 I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright;
 Says he, my sweetest Nell, O,
 I'll kiss you here by this good light;
 Lord, what a charming fellow!

You rogue, (says I,) you've stopp'd my breath;
 Ye bells ring out my knell, O;
 Again I'd die so sweet a death,
 With such a charming fellow.

The Wandering Sailor.

THE wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,
 A competence in life to gain;
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To find at last content and ease;
 To find at last content and ease:

In hopes when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore;
 In hopes when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
 And thunders shake from pole to pole;
 Though dreadful waves surrounding foam,
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home,
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home;

In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore ;
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore ;
 To anchor on his native shore.

* When round the bowl the jovial crew,
 The early scenes of youth renew.
 Though each his favo'rite fair will boast,
 This is the universal toast :
 This is the universal toast :

May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore !
 May we when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore !
 Cast anchor on our native shore.

The High-mettled Racer.

SEE the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are begun,
 The confusion, but hear, I bet you, Sir ! Done ! Done !
 Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and near,
 Lords, hawkers, and jockies assail the tir'd ear ;
 While with neck like a rain-bow, erecting his crest,
 Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching
 his breast,
 Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,
 The high-mettled racer first starts for the plate ;
 The high-mettled, &c.

Grown aged, us'd up and turn'd out of the stud,
 Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd; and yet with some
 blood :
 While knowing postilions his pedigree trace,
 Tell his dam won that sweep-itake, his sire that race ;

* *These words to be sung to the first part of the tune.*

And

And what matches he won to the hostlers court o'er,
As they loiter their time at some hedge ale-house door,
While the harness fore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

The high-mettled, &c.

Till at last, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,
Bow'd down, by degrees he bends on to his fate;
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass stand still;
And now, cold, and lifeless, expos'd to the view,
In the very same cart which he yesterday drew;
While a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,
The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds.

The high-mettled, &c.

My Trim-built Wherry.

THEN farewell, my trim-built wherry,
Oars, and coat, and badge, farewell;
Never more at Chelsea ferry,
Shall your Thomas take a spell,

Then farewell, &c.

But, to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I go;
Where expos'd to every danger,
Some friendly ball may lay me low.

But to hope, &c.

Then, may-hap, when homeward steering,
With the news my mess-mates come;
Even you, by story hearing

With a sigh may cry—"poor Tom."

Then, may-hap, &c.

By the gayly circling Glass.

BY the gayly circling glass,
We can see how minutes pass;

By

By the hollow cask we're told,
 How the wanting night grows old.
 Soon, too soon, the busy day,
 Drives us from our sport away.
 What have we with day to do?
 Sons of care, 'twas made for you!

Sons of care, &c.

By the silence of the owl,
 By the chirping on the the thorn,
 By the butts that empty roll,
 We foretel th' approach of morn.
 Till then fill the vacant glass,
 Let no precious moment slip;
 Flout the moralizing ass;
 Joys find entrance at the lip.

Joys find, &c.

Bright Phœbus.

BRIGHT Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day,
 And the horns and the hounds call each sportsman away;
 Thro' woods and thro' meadows, with speed now they
 bound,
 While health rosy health is in exercise found,
 Hark away! is the word to the sound of the horn,
 And echo, blithe echo, makes jovial the morn.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
 While pufs flies to covert, and dogs quick pursue;
 Behold where she flies o'er the wide-spreading plain!
 While the loud op'ning pack pursue her amain.

Hark away, &c.

At length pufs is caught, and lies panting for breath,
 And the shouts of the huntsmen's the signal for death;
 No joys can delight like the sports of the field,
 To hunting all pleasures and pastimes must yield.

Hark away, &c.

Come,

Come, come my jolly Lads.

COME, come my jolly lads,
 The wind's abaft,
 Brisk gales our sails shall crowd ;
 Come bustle, bustle, bustle boys,
 Haul the boat,
 The boatswain pipes aloud ;
 The ship's unmoor'd,
 All hands on board,
 The rising gale fills ev'ry sail,
 The ship's well mann'd and stor'd.
 Then sling the flowing bowl ;
 Fond hopes arise,
 The girls we prize
 Shall bless each jovial soul ;
 The cann boys bring,
 We'll drink and sing,
 While foaming billows roll.
 Though to the Spanish coast,
 We're bound to steer,
 We'll still our rights maintain ;
 Then bear a-hand, be steady boys,
 Soon we'll see,
 Old England once again :
 From shore to shore,
 While cannons roar,
 Our tars shall shew,
 The haughty foe,
 Britannia rules the main.
 Then sling the flowing bowl ;
 Fond hopes arise,
 The girls we prize,
 Shall bless each jovial soul :
 The cann boys bring,
 We'll drink and sing,
 While foaming billows roll.

Contented

Contented I am.

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be,
 Resolved in this life to live happy and free.
 With the cares of this world I am seldom perplex'd;
 I am sometimes uneasy, but never am vex'd,
 Some higher, some lower, I own there may be;
 But there's more who live worse, than live better
 than me.

My life is a compound of freedom and ease;
 I go where I will, and return when I please;
 I live above envy, also above strife,
 And wish I had judgement to choose a good wife;
 I'm neither so high nor so low in degree,
 But ambition and want are both strangers to me.

Did you know how delightful my hours do pass,
 With my bottle before me, embrac'd by my lass;
 I'm happy while with her, contented alone,
 My wine is my kingdom; my cask is my throne;
 My glass is the sceptre by which I shall reign,
 And my whole privy council's a flask of champagne.

When money comes in, I live well till it's gone;
 While I have it quite happy; contented with none,
 If I lose it at gaming, I think it but lent;
 If I spend it genteelly, I'm always content:
 Thus in mirth and good humour my living do pass,
 And on Saturday's night I am just as I was.

Had Neptune.

HAD Neptune when first he took charge of the sea,
 Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we,
 He'd have thought better on't, and instead of the brine,
 Would have fill'd the vast ocean with generous wine.
 Would have, &c.

S

What

What trafficking then would have been on the main,
 For the sake of good liquor, as well as of gain,
 No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking,
 The fishes ne'er drown, that are always a-drinking.

The fishes, &c.

The hot thirsty sun would drive with more haste,
 Secure in the evening of such a repast;
 And when he'd got tipsy, would have taken his nap,
 With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.

With double, &c.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,
 Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine,
 What vast exhalations he'd draw upon high,
 To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

To relieve, &c.

What mirth and contentment on every one's brow,
 Hob as great as a Prince dancing after his plough;
 The birds in the air as they play on the wing,
 Although they but sip, would eternally sing.

Although, &c.

The stars, who I think, don't to drinking incline,
 Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine,
 And merrily twinkling would soon let us know,
 That they were as happy as mortals below.

That they, &c.

Had this been the case, what had we enjoy'd,
 Our spirit still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd
 A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his power,
 To slip like a fool, such a fortunate hour.

To slip, &c.

Tune.—*Friend and Pitcher.*

THE silver moon that shines so bright,
 I swear, with reason, is my teacher;
 And if my minute-glass runs right,
 We've time to break another pitcher.

Tis'

'Tis not yet day, 'tis not yet day;
Then why should we forsake good liquor:
Until the sun-beams round us play,
Let's jocund push about the pitcher.

They say that I must work all day,
And sleep at night, to grow much richer;
But what is all the world can say,
Compar'd to mirth, my friend, and pitcher.

'Tis not, &c.

Though one may boast a handsome wife,
Yet strange vagaries may bewitch her;
Unwed I live a cheerful life,
And boldly call for t'other pitcher.

'Tis not, &c.

I dearly love a hearty man,
(No sneaking milk-sop Jemmy-twitcher;)
Who loves a lass and loves a glass,
And boldly calls for t'other pitcher.

'Tis not, &c.

In my pleasant native Plains.

In my pleasant native plains,
Wing'd with bliss each moment flew;
Nature there inspir'd the strains,
Simple as the joys I knew.
Jocund morn and evening gay,
Claim'd the merry roundelay,
Claim'd the merry roundelay.

Fields and flocks, and fragrant flowers,
All that health and joy impart,
Call'd for artless music's pow'rs,
Faithful echoes to the heart.
Happy hours for ever gay,
Claim'd the merry roundelay.
Claim'd, &c.

But the breath of genial spring,
 Wak'd the warblers of the grove;
 Who, sweet birds, that heard you sing,
 Wou'd not join the song of love.
 Your sweet notes and chantings gay,
 Claim'd the merry roundelay,
 Claim'd, &c.

The Twins of Latona.

THE twins of Latona, so kind to my boon,
 Arise to partake of the chace;
 And lend a ray to chaste Dian's fair moon,
 And a smile to the smiles on her face.
 For the sports I delight in the bright queen of love,
 With myrtles my brows shall adorn,
 While Pan breaks his charter, and skulks in the grove,
 Excell'd by the sound of the horn;
 The dogs are uncoupl'd, and sweet is the cry,
 Yet sweeter the notes of sweet echo's reply.

Hark forward, hark forward, the game is in view,
 But love is the game which I wish to pursue,
 The stag from his chamber of woodbines peeps out,
 His sentence he hears in the gale,
 Yet flies still entangled in fear and in doubt,
 His courage and constancy fail;
 Surrounded by foes, he prepares for the fray
 Despair taking place of his fear.
 With antlers erected, a while stands at bay,
 Then surrenders his life with a tear.

The Lass of Richmond Hill.

ON Richmond Hill there lives a lass,
 More bright than May-day morn,
 Whose charms all other maids surpass,
 A rose without a thorn.

This

This lass so neat with smiles so sweet,
 Has one my right good will:
 I'd crowns resign, to call her mine,
 Sweet lass of Richmond hill,
 Sweet lass of Richmond hill,
 Sweet lass of Richmond hill,
 I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
 Sweet lass of Richmond hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
 And wanton through the grove,
 Oh whisper to my charming fair
 I die for her I love,

This lass so neat, &c.

How happy will the shepherd be,
 Who calls this nymph his own:
 O may her choice be fix'd on me,
 Mine's fix'd on her alone.

This lass so neat, &c.

Nancy of the Dale.

MY Nancy leaves the rural train,
 A camp's distress to prove,
 All other ills she can sustain,
 But living from her love:
 Yet, dearest, though your soldier's there,
 Will not your spirit fail,
 To mark the hardships you must share,
 Dear Nancy of the Dale.

Dear Nancy, &c.

Or should you, love, each danger scorn,
 Ah! how shall I secure,
 Your health, 'mid toils which you were born,
 To soothe but not endure.
 A thousand perils I must view,
 A thousand ills assail;
 Nor must I tremble e'en for you,
 Dear Nancy of the Dale.

Dear Nancy, &c.
The

The neglected Tar.

I sing the British seaman's praise,
 A theme renown'd in story ;
 It well deserves more polish'd lays ;
 O 'tis your boast and glory.
 When mad-brain'd war spreads death around,
 By them you are protected ;
 But when in peace the nation's found,
 These bulwarks are neglected.
 Then Oh ! protect the hardy tar,
 Be mindful of his merit,
 And when again you're plung'd in war,
 He'll shew his daring spirit.

When thickest darkness covers all,
 Far on the trackless ocean,
 When lightnings flash, when thunders roll,
 And all is wild commotion ;
 When o'er the bark the white-top'd waves,
 With boist'rous sweep are rolling,
 Yet coolly still, the whole he braves,
 Untam'd amidst the howling.

Then, Oh ! protect, &c.

When deep immers'd in sulph'rous smoke,
 He feels a glowing pleasure !
 He loads his gun, he cracks his joke,
 Elated beyond measure.
 Though fore and aft the blood-stain'd deck
 Should lifeless trunks appear ;
 Or should the vessel float a wreck,
 The sailor knows no fear.

Then, Oh ! protect, &c.

When long becalm'd on southern brine,
 Where scorching beams assail him ;
 When all the canvas hangs supine,
 And food and water fail him.

Then

Then oft he dreams of Britain's shore,
Where plenty still is reigning;
They call the watch—his rapture's o'er,
He sighs—but scorns complaining.

Then, Oh! protect, &c.

Or burning on that noxious coast,
Where death so oft befriends him;
Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland's frost,
His courage still attends him:
No clime can this eradicate!

His glories in annoyance;
He fearless braves the storms of Fate,
And bids grim Death defiance.

Then, Oh! protect, &c.

Why should the man who knows no fear,
In peace be then neglected?
Behold him move along the pier,
Pale, meagre, and dejected.
Behold him begging for employ!
Behold him disregarded!

Then view the anguish in his eye,
And say, are tars rewarded?

Then, Oh! protect, &c.

To them your dearest rights you owe;
In peace, then, would you starve them?
What say ye, Britain's sons? Oh! no!
Protect them and preserve them:
Shield them from poverty and pain,
'Tis policy to do it.

Or when grim war shall come again,
Oh! Britons, ye may rue it!

Then, Oh! protect, &c.

Invocation to Zephyr.

ZEPHYR, come thou playful minion,
Greet with whispers soft mine ear!

Hence ! each breeze of ruder pinion,
Tell me I have nought to fear !

Gently, Zephyr, wing him over,
Though I ne'er behold him more ;
With the breath of some spruce lover,
Waft him to his native shore !

The Pleasantness of Kissing.

THERE's a something in kissing—I cannot tell why,
Makes my heart in a tumult leap more than breast high :
For nine times in ten,

So teasing,
And pleasing,

We find those rude creatures—the dear kissing men,
That we wish it repeated again and again !

Though a kiss stopt my breath, Oh ! how little care I,
Since a woman at some time or other must die !
For nine times in ten, &c.

On the Volubility of Women.

YOUNG women should not tittle-tattle ;
Like sun-dials never should prattle ;
Just tell what they're ask'd, and be still ;
But girls are so idle,
Their tongues they won't bridle,
So gallop it goes like the clack of a mill.

We gentry you never hear rattle
Like furies engag'd in a battle :
Of talking we soon have our fill :
But the girls, &c.

The Hawthorn Bower.

PALEMON, in the hawthorn bower,
With fond impatience lay ;

He

He counted every anxious hour
 That stretch'd the tedious day,
 The rosy dawn, Pastora nam'd,
 And vow'd that she'd be kind ;
 But ah ! the setting sun proclaim'd
 That women's vows are—wind.

The fickle sex the boy defy'd ;
 And swore, in terms prophane,
 That beauty, in her brightest pride,
 Might sue to him in vain.
 When Delia, from the neighb'ring glade,
 Appear'd in all her charms,
 Each angry vow Palemon made
 Was lost in Delia's arms.

The lovers had not long reclin'd,
 Before Pastora came ;
 Inconstancy, she cry'd, I find
 • In every heart's the same ;
 For young Alexis sigh'd and press'd,
 With such bewitching power,
 I quite forgot the wishing guest
 That waited in the bower.

May Eve : or Kate of Aberdeen.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam,
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream,
 And kiss reflected light.
 To beds of state go balmy sleep,
 ('Tis where you've seldom been,)
 May's vigil while the shepherd's keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
 In rosy chaplets gay,

Till morn unbar the golden gate,
 And give the promis'd May.
 Methinks I hear the maids declare,
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
 We'll rouse the nodding grove ;
 The nested birds shall raise their throats,
 And hail the maid I love :
 And see—the matin lark mistakes,
 He quits the tufted green :
 Fond bird ! 'tis not the morning breaks,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
 Where midnight fairies rove,
 Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,
 Or tune the reed to love :
 For see the rosy May draws nigh ;
 She claims a virgin queen ;
 And hark, the happy shepherds cry,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen;

The Miller ; a Ballad.

IN a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,
 With a mill and some meadows—a freehold estate,
 A well-meaning miller, by labour supplies,
 Those blessings that grandeur to great ones denies :
 No passions to plague him, no cares to-torment,
 His constant companions are Health and Content ;
 heir lordships in lace may remark, if they will,
 e's honest, though daub'd with the dust of his mill.

E'er

E'er the lark's early carols salute the new day,
 He springs from his cottage as jocund as May;
 He cheerfully whistles, regardless of care,
 Or, sings the last ballad he bought at the fair:
 While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of state,
 Or bribing elections, in hopes to be great;
 No fraud or ambition his bosom e'er fill,
 Contented he works, if there's grist for his mill.

On Sunday bedeck'd in his home-spun array,
 At church he's the loudest to chaunt or to pray;
 He sits to a dinner of plain English food,
 Though simple the pudding, his appetite's good.
 At night, when the priest and exciseman are gone,
 He quaffs at the ale-house with Roger and John;
 Then reels to his pillow, and dreams of no ill:
 No monarch more blest than the man of the mill.

The Toast.—A Catch.

GIVE THE TOAST—my good fellow, be jovial and gay
 And let the brisk moments pass jocund away!

HERE'S THE KING—take your bumpers, my brave
 British souls,

Who guards your fair freedom, should crown your full
 bowls:

LET HIM LIVE—long and happy, see en'mies brought
 down;

And taste all the comforts, no cares of a crown.

A COLLECTION OF TOASTS.

THE two most valuable jewels in the British crown—
liberty and the people's love.

May the tree of liberty flourish all over the globe, and
every human being partake of its fruits.

May the sword of justice be sway'd by the hand of mercy.
Perpetual disappointment to the enemies of Old Eng-
land.

May the Judges of the Inquisition be committed to pri-
son, at the suit of humanity.

A speedy exportation to all the enemies of Britain, with
out a drawback.

May the health of our Sovereign keep pace with the
wishes of his people.

May the prison-gloom be cheer'd by the rays of Hope,
and Liberty fetter the arm of Oppression.

May vanity be punished with inattention, and merit be
rewarded with respect.

May our pleasant thoughts be gilt with modest expressions.

May reason be the President, and mirth a constant visitor.

The honest fellow, who loves his bottle at night and his
business in the morning.

May the good fellow associate with no fellows but his
own.

The cause of Liberty throughout the world.

When we hunt the true pleasures of life, may we always
have our game in view.

May our prudence secure us friends, but enable us to
live without their assistance.

F I N I S.



